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Journes to mis-agend one single Teare in Prose;
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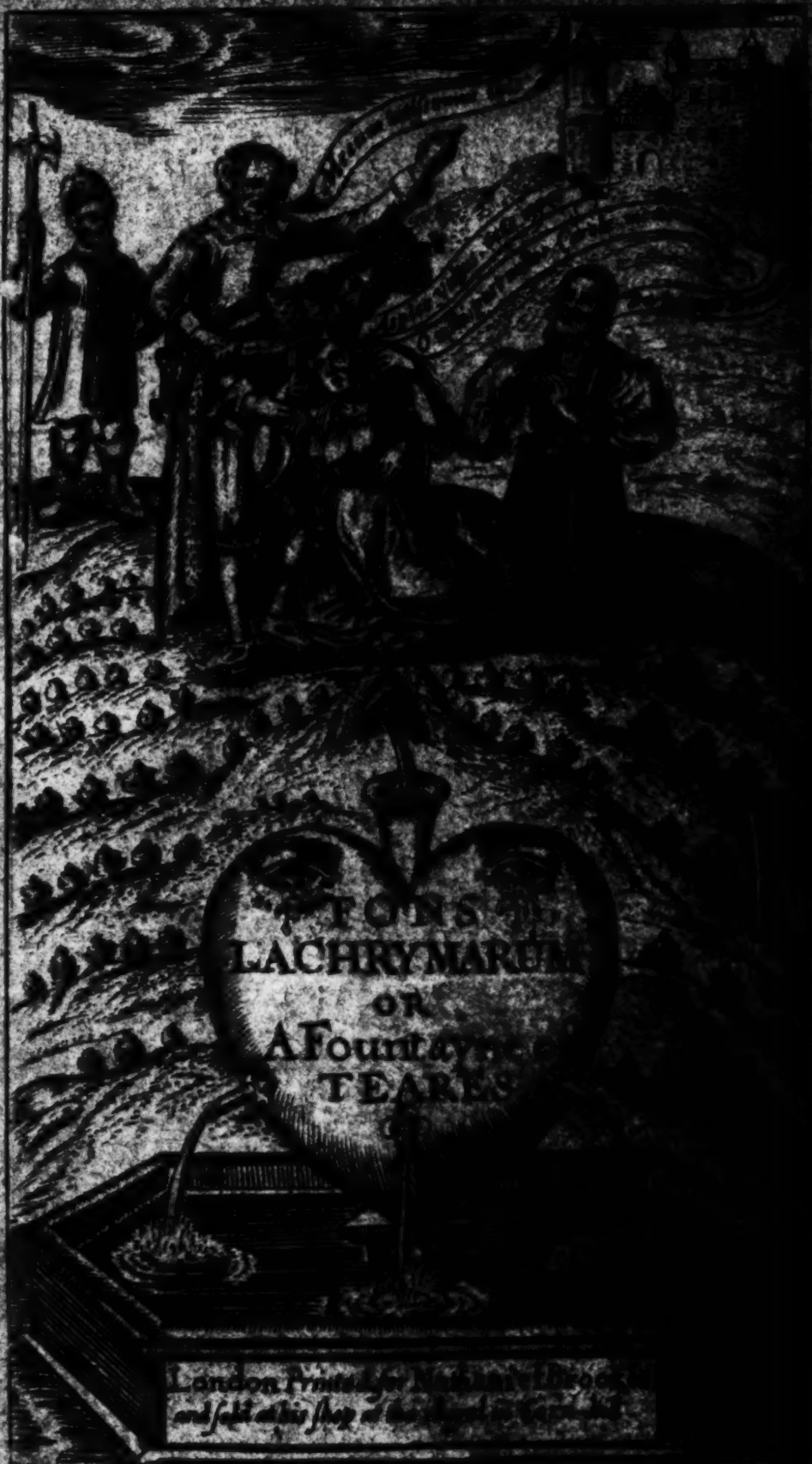
LACHRYMAR
OR
A Fount
TEAR

Fons Lachrymarum;

OR A

FOUNTAIN

OF

TEARS:

From whence doth flow

Englands Complaint,

Jeremiah's Lamentations

PARAPHRAS'D,

WITH

Divine Meditations;

AND AN

ELEGY

Upon that Son of Valor

Sir *CHARLS LUCAS.*

Written by JOHN QUARLES.

London, Printed for *Nathaniel Brook*, at the *Angel* in *Cornhill*. 1654.

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imſelfe to Your Highneſſes
ommands, and is

Your Highneſſes

moſt obliged

Servant,

JOHN QUARLES.

TO

TO THE READER.

Kind Reader,

HEre present to thy view a *Fountaine*, from which doth flow, *Complaints*, *Lamentations* and *Meditations*, three Necessaries for these Times. Never were *Complaints* more frequent, then they are in this age of obduracy and oppression; Nor *Lamentations* more requisite, then in these Lachrymable Times; Nor *Meditations* more commendable, then in

in these days of uncertainty. Re
der, I shall desire thee to passe b
the errors of the Presse, which ar
now too late to correct: Had no
the perversnesse of these times de
barred me from coming to th
Presse, the Printers Mistakes ha
not been so numerous. For m
own part, I have nothing to bo
of but this, that I am confident th
judicious Reader will pardon th
weaknesse of my endeavors, an
know, that the tallest Cedars wer
but twigs at first.

Reader,

Farewel.

TO THE Illustrious Prince CHARLS, PRINCE of WALES.

SIR,

IF *the Current of my affections force me a-gainst the Rocks of* Presumption, *I humbly crave the assistance of Your gracious*

pardon: The extent of my
ambition is to prostitute a
Your Highnesses feet the firs
fruits of an Orchard which I
planted in Flaunders, *during*
the time of my banishment
and now have brought them
into England *to be press*
for growing in a strange Coun
try; I confesse, the fruit is
green, *and* sowre, *and cannot*
ripen till it feele the Sun-shine
of Your Princely *eye; nor*
sweeten, till your approbation
shall be pleased to afford them
a liking, and that liking honour

them

them with a free acceptance. There is nothing that can make me esteeme my selfe unhappy, but that the severity of these times will not permit me to tender Your Higness that service which my heart is ambitious to performe, and my duty binds me to acknowledge. I have nothing that I can stile my owne but a fidelious heart, which shall always pray for Your prosperity; and that Your successes may (like Waves) ride in one upon the backe of another; and that at last You

may

may, like the Sunne, breake through the Clouds of Oppoſition, *and once more ſhine in your proper* Hemiſphere: *Heaven ſeaſon Your Royall Heart with the Principles of Wiſdome, and grant that You may not* Hide *Your Counſels in the Boſoms of them that honour You with their* Lips, *when their* Hearts *are farre from You. Theſe are the ſerious and fervent Prayers of him, that deſires to live no longer then he is willing to devote*

TO

My dear Friend the AUTHOR.

THe Son *begins to rise, the* Father's *set:*
Heav'n took away one light, *and pleas'd to let*
Another rise. Quarles, *thy Light's divine,*
And it shall teach Darkneſſe it ſelf to ſhine.
Each word revives thy Father's name, *his art*
Is well imprinted in thy noble heart:
I've read thy pleaſing lines, wherein I find
The rare Endeavors of a modeſt mind.
Proceed as well as thou haſt well begun,
That we may ſee the Father *by the* Son.

R. L.

TO

TO

My much esteemed Friend t

AUTHOR.

On his Book, entituled,

Fons Lachrimarum.

THou prov'st Prophetick in thy doleful Muse
Whilst it the Prophets mournfull tears renew
Yet e're thy tears be spent, may England *stand*
In her first glory, *rais'd by* Charls *his hand.*
Then may each drop (to add unto her grace)
Turn solid pearl, and beautifie her face:
There whitest in native brightness fix'd they be,
Their radiant lustre shall reflect on thee.

Rich Quin

Englands Complaint.

EXperience tells us, those that are in pain
Need neither *Act* nor *Ordinance* to complain:
Griefs have their priviledg, whose passions break
All Laws, *and Losers claim a power to speak.*
If passion be too rude (*Reader*) excuse;
Grief knows no manners, sorrow needs no *Muse.*
But stay my hasty quill, forbear, I know
Thou art too young, too tender yet to go
Without a guide, a guide that may direct
Thy staggering feet; A guide that may protect
Thy infant years. Do not too much endeavor;
A fall at first will make thee lame for ever.
Invoke the *Nine*, and if they do deny
To give thee ayd, complain to *Mercury*:
Tell him, thou art a *babe*, and dost desire
To warm thy *genius* by the Muses fire:
Where are *Apollo's* off-springs? are they ty'd
In sorrows chains, e're since *Mecenas* dy'd?
Or are their *Heleconian* waters spent?
Or do they stay t'expect a Complement?
I wonder what they mean, to be thus slow,
Of former times they'd run, they'l now scarce go:

My heedleſs *Muſe*, doſt thou not underſtand
They're all diſtracted and diſpers'd the Land?
Only *Melpomene*, who now appears
Like *Nioby*, a monument of tears. (thou
Know'ſt thou not this (raſh *Muſe*) then how canſt
Implore a helpe from them that know not how
To help themſelves? Nay *Pegaſus* is made
A poor *Dragoon*; his friends are all betraid:
Though all diſtracted, and thus routed be,
Yet, helpleſs Muſe, ther's *Heav'n* to ſuccour thee.
Then hear me *Heaven*, O hear me, now I ſue,
Th'art my *Apollo*, be *Mecænas* too,
And great Conductor of my Soul, inſpire
My frozen heart with thy celeſtial fire:
Light thou my Candle, O then I ſhall ſee,
By thy own light, how to diſcover thee;
Inflame my *frozen* ſenſes with thy Spirit,
That I may learn to live, and live t'inherit
The glory of thy Kingdom, and to reſt
Where joys are greater then can be expreſt:
And ſo goon; but ſtay, raſh quill, and know
What 'tis to be engag'd, before you go
Too far; Be careful theſe bad times, unleſs
Your raſh adventure want a good ſucceſs:
Be wary what you do; theſe are no times
To pleaſe fond fancies with *laſcivious Rhymes*.
Be circumſpect; Let every word you write
Be Truth, and then let every word invite
A *tear*; each *tear*, a *ſigh*; that every *Eye*,
That reads, may melt into an *Elegie*.

An

And curs'd be that dull eye, that will not lend
A tear, or two, to see poor *England* spend
Weeks, months & *years*, in sighs, in sobs, in groans,
In tears, in pray'rs; and wilt not move the stonest
Vallies of tears, discharged from her eyes,
Shake *Heaven* and Earth, and penetrate the skies
With sad cõplaints? *heav'n* mourns at *her* cõdition,
And weeps down showrs of tears at her *Petition*:
Then rouze, ye *Britains*, from your flattering *sleep*,
Hear *Englands* groans, thus she begins to weep;
No *Peace*, no *ease*, no *pleasure*; Is all gone,
Pursu'd with *envy* and *rebellion*?
Whither, oh whither, are my glories sent?
Banisht my brest by Act of *Parliament*?
Vertue is fled, and scard into a trance
By the ill shape of Bugbear *ignorance*,
What mists are these that thus eclipse the light
Of *splendent truths*? From whence proceeds this
Of *darkening Errors*? how am I beguil'd (night
Of all my *joys*? Nay, how am I defil'd
With *leprous humors*? Oh how grief transports
My frightned sense! what envy's this resorts
Unto my swelling brest? Is there no mean,
No pleasing Musick to divide my teen?
Were I an *Atlas*, I could not sustain
This Firmament of grief: who can refrain
From falling, that's so much oppresst as I
With such a burthen of *Malignity*!
Where shall I run, to whom shall I address
My burthened self, or how shall I express

My uncontrouled sorrows, or relate
Th' unhappy discord of my *factious State?*
Where shall I fly? Is there no *Ark* above
To hide me from these *waves?* Is there no *Dove*
To bring me tidings that the Land is clear,
And that the hills of *Peace* do re-appear?
But must I perish? shall the waves of *pride*
Dash me in peices? still a flowing tyde,
Still flow, and never ebb! Is there no bliss?
Wonder sad Soul! *O what an Ocean's this!*
Ambitious Winds, why rage ye more and more,
And make the *Seas* thus envy at the *shore?*
Is there no *Peter* can pray Heav'n to please
To check the *winds*, and qualifie the *Seas?*
Am I the worst of all? Is my condition
So bad, that there is no *Petition*
Can have an audience? Ah my conscience saith,
I've *Peters* fears, but yet want *Peters* faith.
Here let us stop a little, and advise
With flesh and blood; Can greater wants arise,
To damage *Souls*, then *faith*, whose want *procures*
All these extreams, which my por heart endures?
Oh no, there cannot: he that wants the hand
Of *Soul-supporting Faith*, forgets to stand:
This is my want, and till I find relief,
I lie and tumble in the shades of grief,
And ghit the ayr with sighs; my hideous cries
Shall roar like thunder in the troubled skies:
O that my *eyes* were *Oceans*, that I may
Drown all my sorrows in one stormy day;

Or would pleas'd *Heav'n*, enable me to ſtrain,
To gulp up *Seas*, and weep them out again;
Then ſhould my briny *ſtreams* guſh forth ſo faſt,
That every tear ſhould ſtrive to be the laſt;
So the ſwift current of my ſwelling eyes
Should over-flow my heap'd up miſeries.
I have offended Heaven, and now I ſee
My ſins are walls betwixt my God and me,
Which ſtop the paſſage of my fervent prayers,
That there is no prevailing but by tears,
To batter down the wall that thus prevents
My cries, my vows, and hinders my intents
To Heav'n, that Heav'n can ſend me no relief,
Nor take me from this *labyrinth* of grief.
Gone are my golden, my forgotten days,
When every bird could whiſtle forth my praiſe.
Gone are thoſe days when this *conſuming* Earth
Was ſtuff'd with *pleaſure*, & perfum'd with *mirth*:
Though all be gone, yet will I ſtrive t'endure;
He that hath made the *wound*, can make the *cure*:
For now I'm wounded, & my wounds do ſmart
Beyond my patience; and my tender heart,
Swell'd up with ſorrow, doth predeſtinate
What woe muſt happen to my bleeding State:
My *head*, my head's tormented; and my *eyes*
Are dim with gazing after vanities:
My *members* ſwell like Oceans, and from thence
Proceeds ſo great, ſo large a confluence
Of noiſom humors, and they run ſo thick,
That they ſurcharge, and make my ſtomach ſick.

I've purg'd already, and that will not do,
I fear, I fear, that I muſt vomit too:
I doubt 'tis too much *action* that hath bred
Theſe ill diſeaſes that diſturb my *head*;
Oh I am ſick to death, my bowels yern!
I freez, I freez, and whileſt I freez, I burn;
I burn, I melt, my ſoul is parch'd within.
(How hot's the furnace of tormenting ſin?)
And ah! how ſoon is feebled nature lam'd
With joynt-contracting cold; if not inflam'd
By *Heav'ns* enlivening fire? how hots my blood
To what is *bad*, and ah, how cold to *good*!
Oh grief! how two extreams perplex one *heart*
So link'd together, that they cannot part!
Thus am I toſt, and doubtfully oppreſt
Beneath the burden of a dubious breſt?
Nothing but Wars, and Tumults do ariſe;
Thrice happy I, had I known how to prize
My happineſs? Alas I ne're did know
The good of peace, til *heav'n* was pleas'd to *ſhow*
War makes me know, what joy it was before
To live in peace and plenty, now the more.
To live in peace & plenty, now I know by this
This want of peace, what a combining bliſs
It was to live united, and to praiſe
That God of Peace, that bleſt my peaceful days
With large increaſe; Oh miſery to think,
Loaded with too much pleaſure, how I ſink!
I that was wont to boaſt my heaps of treaſure,
Now ſwim in ſorrow, & now ſink in pleaſure.

I that the world did envy, now am brought
To be not *worth* the env'ing, worse then nought,
Revil'd by all; see how the hand of Fate
Hath pleas'd to make me thus unfortunate:
What shall I do? what *physick* can procure
A little ease? I cannot long endure.
Where are my grave *Divines* to give advice
To a relapsing Soul? are they grown nice
Of late? Are their conspiring hearts agreed
T'absent themselves in this my time of need?
What do they mean? Oh whither are they fled?
Sure, sure, they're *silenc'd* all, or else all *dead*:
Do they not see me falling? Do they stand
Amaz'd, not daring to afford a hand
To help me up? Methinks I hear them cry,
That they are falling to, as well as I.
Where is *Religion*, that was wont to be
The *Governor* of *Peace*, the branched Tree
That ever flourish'd? see, now every *Clown*
Being authoriz'd presumes to cut her down.
Wil they stil strive with *swords*, with *guns*, with *clubs*,
To pickle my Religion up in tubs?
Have they no *Reason?* hath their greedy *zeal*
Swallow'd up all their Senses at one meal?
Have they agreed that *Piety* and *Reason*
Shall be *condemn'd*, and *voted* into *Treason?*
Or hath their *Hell-bred thoughts* found out a way
To turn our *Sion* to a *Golgotha?*
Hath the *Tartarian* Counseller invented
Such thriving *Plots* which cannot be prevented?

Leave off base Acts *Mechanicks*, and begin
To deal uprightly and reform within;
Bury your *aged crimes*, and then go call
Your straggling *senses* to the *Funeral*: (contrary
Adjourn your thoughts, which now are quite
To peace, and think a peace is necessary.
Honour your *higher Powers*, and do not mock
And vilifie them as your laughing stock.
There are a *brain-sick multitude*, a *rabble*
Of all *Religions*, that do dayly squabble
About *vain shades*, and let the *substance* pass,
Hating *good manners* as they hate the *Mass*:
'Tis such as these which thus my *woes* advance,
Whose very *Souls* are starv'd with *ignorance*:
'Tis such as these who dayly strive to smother
The *truth* with *flattring zeal*, & call him *brother*
Nay *holy brother*; though his *faith* be small,
If he can *rail*, and reverently *baul*
Against *grave Bishops*, and their *pious King*,
Oh this is *holy*, nay a *zealous thing*:
And those are holy that can pray by chance
According to the Spirits *influence*,
And teach their *prick-ear'd brethren* to deny
The *Common Prayer*, but know no reason why:
And those whose great humility can be
Content to make a Pulpit in a *tree*,
Or in some *Barn*, there by the Spirit pray
Five or six hours, not caring what they say;
Or if a *Black-smith* or a *Tinker* can
Hammer out Treason, he's a zealous man;

Or if a learned *Cobler* will be ſure
To ſtitch it cloſe, oh he's a *Chriſtian pure!*
Oh theſe are holy, yea and *learned Teachers*,
Theſe are *Divines*, and only theſe are *Preachers*:
They'l cry all *learned Prelats* out of ſeaſon (reaſon.
They muſt not preach, for *fear* they ſhould ſpeak
Oh theſe are they, whoſe ruder tongues can cry,
Advance *Mechanicks*, down with *Majeſty*:
Theſe are they, whoſe dunghill thoughts could
Attain perfection, but they ſtill endeavor (never
To baniſh *wiſdom*, that at laſt they may
Make all the world as ignorant as *they*.
See how they've turn'd my *joy* to *griping ſadneſs*,
Plenty to *want*, and *peace* to downright *madneſſe*;
Vertue to *vice*, and *chaſtity* to *vainneſſe*,
Learning to *ſcorn*, *Religion* to *prophaneneſſ*,
Flattry to *zeal*, and *non-ſence* unto *Reaſon*,
Honor to *ſhame*, and *Loyalty* to *Treaſon*,
Pity to *Murther*, *Truth* to feigned *lyes*,
Prayers to *curſes*, *Plundring* to a *prize*:
Thus, thus they gripe my *Soul*, and go about
To change my ſhape, and turn my *inſide out*.
Inhumane Actions; *Ah* who can behold
Such *Tyrannies*, and not his blood grow cold!
Break, break yea *flood-gates* of my brimfil'd *eyes*,
And let my tears have paſſage to ſurprize
This Fort of ſorrow, and tumultuous cares,
And drench the mountains in a Sea of tears.
Forbear, ye lowring *skies*; there is no need
Ye ſhould diſburſe a ſhowre: I have agreed

With

With ſorrow, and his *powers* ſtill to remain
Clouded with *grief*, and fill the Earth with rain
Oh horrid, diſmal, Heav'n provoking *times*,
Surpaſſing *Sodoms* ; nay *Gomorrah's* crimes
Were ne're ſo bad ; Oh *Hell-invented fate*,
Worſe then the worſt that I can nominate.
Are theſe my *people*, for whoſe ſakes I lie
Involv'd with *torments*, wrapt in *Tyrannie* ?
Are theſe my *Sons*, whoſe ſorrows now I weep
Are theſe my *children* that are lul'd aſleep ?
See how ſecure they reſt, and never fear
Approaching *woe* ; mine eyes, can ye forbear
To vent ten thouſand tears ? Oh never let
Your lids conceal you, till y'have paid the debt
Ye owe to ſorrow, for thoſe *ſins* which thirſt
For greater plenty, then can be diſburſt :
Oh ſigh, ſad *Soul*, until thy heart be ſore,
Then ſigh, becauſe that thou canſt ſigh no more
Oh that my voyce, like *thunderclaps* could tear
And ſplit the *portals* of each *deafned ear* ;
That ſo my cries might raviſh every brain,
And fil'd with *horror*, make them deaf again.
And this I wiſh becauſe my *Sons* are all
So deaf, they will not hear me when I call :
Did they not flouriſh in a *peaceful ſtate*,
Enjoying ſtore of all things, till of late
They grew thus *factious* ? and have I not been
In former times, the worlds admired *Queen* ?
Have not all *Nations* formerly been proud
To do me ſervice ? Have they not allow'd

A due reſpect unto me every where,
And honored me, if not for *love*, for *fear* ?
And muſt I now by your, your means incur
As many plagues as miſchief can infer ?
Muſt I now *pine away*, that have been *ſtrong* ?
Muſt I now *ſtoop*, that have ſtood up ſo *long* ?
Muſt I be now *ſubordinate* to *thoſe*
That never dar'd ſubſcribe themſelves my *foes*?
Muſt I be now *divided*, that was never
Divided yet ? Muſt I be loſt for ever ?
Muſt I be now *conſumed* and thrown down ?
And muſt they *ſcoff* me now, that dar'd not *frown*
In former times ? Muſt I be now confounded ?
Muſt I be now revil'd, and cal'd a *Round-head* ?
Muſt I be now nick-nam'd ? Muſt *frighted fame*
Sound a Retreat, and ſcorn to own my name ?
Muſt I be now diſpers'd ? Muſt my own hand
Deſtroy the bounty of my fruitful Land ? (glory
Oh grief-tranſcending thought, ſhall *Englands*
Be thus abſtracted, and thus made a ſtory
To after ages ? Would not this perplex
A Soul, that never knew what 'twas to vex ?
What grief can equalize my grief ? What pain
Can be æquivalent ? Would any gain
Experience ? If they would, may they incline
Themſelves to this experienc'd grief of mine :
Ah grief of days ; what marble eye can read
Of ſuch extreams as mine, and never bleed ?
'Twould dull the ſharpeſt brain to meditate
Upon my grief ; nay, make them deſperate.

Had

Had *Nero* liv'd in this tempestuous age,
He might have blusht to see his boiling rage
Out-vi'd by yours; nay, *Corah* and his crew
Never pursu'd their *Moses*, as ye do,
With such untutor'd violence; 'tis strange,
Oh whither will your headlong fury range?
Advise by times, and know their is a God
That overlooks you: Know, that *Moses* Rod
May turn a *greedy Serpent*, and devour,
As well the *greater*, as the *smaller power*.
Go, go, ye sad contrivers of these crimes,
Consult with sorrow: think on all those crimes
Ye have committed; and then think what ye
Have done, and after what ye have to do.
Advise with care, for your condition's such,
Y'ave much to do, because y'ave done too much.
Too much: Alas too much in my *sad state*
Is done already; and I fear too late
For remedy: And secret danger lies
In dull delay: 'tis wisdom to advise
Betimes; for true and timely care prevents
Untimely ruine, hindring the intents
Of studied *malice*; industry prepares
A *balm* for that which *negligence* impairs.
Those that by dreaming sloth, sustain a loss,
Obtain least pity, and the greatest cross.
Consider what a grief 'twill be to see
The sad distraction of this *Monarchie*,
Wrought by your slothful negligence, when
My lofty structures by your hands must fall:

ay, worse then this, when *famine* shall devour
hat *fire* and *sword* hath left; when every hour
he *Bells* shall tole, with such a feeble sound,
s if that they themselves a want had found.
ill it not melt a stone to hear the cries
f *hungry children*, and the sad replies
f their *dejected friends*? who can forbear
o think on this, and never shed a tear?
ow children cry for bread, and fain would rest,
eking protections in their mothers breast?
as poor *Orphans*, how are they beguil'd,
hen the *sad mothers* forc'd to eat the *child*
r want of *food*, & make their blood their *drink*?
t what a wounding sorrow 'tis to think
ow all will be destroy'd, both *young* and *old*,
ow *warm blood* will be mingled with the *cold*!
ow you will roar and cry for want of *bread*,
me on the ground, some *dying*, and some *dead*;
me gnaw their flesh, & some fight who shal eat
ch other; *O uncomfortable meat!*
nd then the *ravening Wolves* seek up and *down*
o find a prey, in every *starved Town*,
all eat *deaths reliques*; having spent that store,
all ransack up and down, and howl for more.
beasts and *fowls* shall then amazed stand,
see the *Sea* is turn'd into a *Land*:
e Land into a Sea, a *Red Sea*, where
othing but *bones* in stead of *fishes are*. (groans,
here nothing's heard, but cryes, & shrieks, and
here nothing's seen, *except* consuming bones.

Oh had you but the power to apprehend
These sad *destructive dangers*, how they tend
Daily towards us, with all the power that th
Can make, as if they'd rout us in one day:
Dull sons of men, have ye forgot to rise,
And draw the *Curtains* of your slumbring eye
Me thinks this hot *Alarum* should affright
Your Souls for ever from your fond delight!
What do ye mean? ye cannot chuse but hear
Heav'ns thundring *judgments* ratling in youre
What, have ye sworn Allegiance to the *Prin*
Of utter darkness? Will no words convinc
Your stubborn Souls? Has a perpetual vow
Been lately past betwixt *Hells Prince* and *you*
Why do ye thus delight to overthrow
Your selves, and lose a Kingdom at one blew
Oh where are my *grand Rulers* to correct
These their *enormous* humors, that infect
The world with *Errors*? To what fatal place
Are all my *Senators* retired?

You my Triennial Powers, come and dispose
Your ears to my discourse; and Ile disclose
My grief to you, whose Judgments can prescribe
A timely remedy without a bribe.
Then hark!

THe climing power of my disease is grow
To such a height, that I can hardly ow
A minutes rest; my *body politick*
You apprehend (I know) is very sick:

Th

hen let the depth of underſtanding move
he depth of pity, that ye may remove
heſe growing inconveniences, that moan
or your aſſiſtance: Can a Kingdom groan,
nd not be heard? Can a diſeaſe remain
ithin my body, and not I complain
f what I ſuffer? That were Tyrannie
ot to be parallel'd: O pity me,
nd let the fervour of my language turn (burn
our *thoughts* to tears, to quench thoſe *flames* that
y waſting intrals: Let your hearts relent
ith meditating on my diſcontent:
pen your willing ears and hear me call:
do not fall a ſlumbring whileſt I fall:
hear me ſoon, that now complain too late:
et my complaints make you compaſſionate;
iſſolve into a Sea of tears. Involve
our ſelvs with *ſackcloth*. Let your minds revolve
pon your *native ſoil*; reſolve to ſpend
our greateſt skills, to conſummate the end
f my diſtractions; and let *mercy* joyn
ith *juſtice*; ſo ſhall endleſs love combine
our Souls: That like *Ezekiels* wheels ye may
un on within another, and not ſtray:
ut like *Iſaiahs* Seraphims may cry,
holy, holy, holy God on high.
But ſtay; nor can I end, my griefs muſt fly
little further; Mountains that are high
uſt be diſcovered: Molehills often times
e out of ſight, like undiſcovered crimes.

A publike ſorrow oftentimes admits
A cure from them, whoſe more concreted wit
Do dayly ſtudy with more active arts
More *publique* miſchief with more *private* heart
Doth not the fawning *Crocodile* obtain
By publique ſorrow her more private gain?
Doth not the crafty *Lapwing* cry the leaſt,
When ſhe is neareſt to her cloſe-made neſt?
Are there not thoſe in this conniving age,
Whoſe outward meekneſs is but inward rage?
Are there not thoſe in theſe contentious times,
That live by nothing but their private crimes?
Oh grief to ſpeak it: Are there not a ſort
Of wilful people that can make a ſport
At others ruines, whoſe pretended *zeal*
Hath bred much miſchief in this *Common-weal*?
Are there not thoſe that would pretend to be
Reformers, yet deform a *Monarchie*?
Are there not thoſe, whoſe *upſtart honors* crave
Perpetual durance, only to enſlave
The *Sons of Honor*? Thus they play the thief,
And joy in nothing, but in others grief.
Are there not thoſe, who in one breath can cry
Againſt a *Lyar*, yet can forge a *lye*
For their advantage, and abjure the *Laws*?
Lyes are no *lyes*, if they advance their *Cauſe*?
Are there not thoſe that perſecute the *Arts*,
And yet retain *Monopolizing* hearts?
Are there not thoſe that dayly take delight
To twiſt themſelves into another bodies *right*

Do not all *these*, which I have nam'd, pretend
To do all this, to a *religious end?*
And ah Religion! how art thou betray'd
By those, whose worthless industry have lay'd
Thine *honor* in the dust; nay, and have thrown
Dirt in their faces, that shall dare to own
Thy very name? these are a sort of people
That love no Church, because they hate the steeple.
I dare affirm, that *Protem* ne'er could be (thee:
So much transform'd, as they have transform'd
Nor can I yet conclude; I must deplore
My greater sorrows yet a little more:
Let no man take exceptions, for I speak
Into my self; *sorrow must finde a leak.*
I cannot hold; and O that I were able
To make my feeble tongue infatigable,
That by my full expressions I may prove
How much the *Serpent* over-rules the *Dove.*
There was a time (not long since) when my sins
Had found an expiation, if those *wits*
Which prov'd too serpentine) had not delayd
Their too-soon violated vows, and playd
A double game: I even blush to name
What odds they had, & how they lost the game.
The world (though sad) is not so melancholly,
But that it smiles at, and records that folly:
The breach of vows cracks honor, and the loss
Of opportunity deserves a cross
In honors book; and he that shall neglect
A publique good, shall find a bad respect

In private hearts, and *ruine* must attend
A publique Actor, for a private end. (room
Are there not those that hate *Rome*, & yet mak
For *Catiline*, and labor to entomb
His vile *prescriptions* in their Romish thoughts
And yet excuse *themselves*, and *him*, from faults
Do I not see them how they run his *paths*
With head-long force, and prosecute his *Laws*
Do I not see their *Agents*, how they strive
To ruine *others*, and to keep alive
Themselves, that liv'd not, till this *greedy age*
Rak'd them from *dunghils*, to adorn the *Stage*
Of Hell-bred Tyranny? Do I not see
How much they'r honor'd for their *Tyranny?*
The *Salamander*, when he's crown'd with fire,
Is in his Kingdom; if his Crown expire,
His life concludes: Tell me what then remain
Except the reliques of consuming flames?
Even so the *Salamanders* of these days (blaz
(Whose hearts are made of flames) at last will
And smother into *ashes*: Thus declin'd,
What can they leave (except a stink) behinde?
Each thing must live within its *element*;
Discretion tells us, fishes must content
Themselves with water; and all things must li
Content with that which *Heav'n* was pleas'd
'Tis onely *man* that surfeits with desire: (giv
The *earth*, the *ayr*, the *water*, quickning *fire*,
And all was made for *man*, and *man* was mad
Of all these things: O let it not be said,

Th

That *fire* predominates, and breeds conteſt
Within my bowels, and deſtroys the reſt.
O ſtrive, now your *unruly flames* ariſe,
To *quench* your *hearts* with *water* from *your eyes*:
Strive not with *Catiline*, that laviſh creature,
To ſtop *great miſchiefs*, by *enacting greater*.
But tell me now, how can your thoughts *reflect*
Upon a *Peace*, when as ye diſ-reſpect
The *principle*? 'tis an uncertain way
To gain a *Peace* by *Arms*: for every day
Will breed new *tumults*, wch will in concluſion
Inviron you with Armies of confuſion:
Peace cannot ſwim in *blood*, *blood* cannot ſtand
Like *pools of water* in a *peacefull Land*.
Delight not thus in contraries; forſake
Your former ways, let not your hearts partake
Of *blood*, and *ruine*; *Heav'n* will never own
A *blood-bedab'led Soul*: 'Tis not unknown
How ye have *belch'd* out *oaths*, and *vow'd* to bring
Peace to your *Country*, *honor* to your *King*: (*glory*
Now wher's your *Countries peace*? now *wher's* the
Your *King* was promis'd? *O nefandous ſtory*!
Can *peace* and *ſtrife* cohabitate? Can *ſame*
And *glory be impriſon'd*? 'Tis your ſhame,
Not *his diſhonor*, that ye perpetrate
Such horrid acts; I tremble to relate
What I have ſuffer'd: I'l not *you* that have
Exploded all my *comforts*? You that crave
(Like *greedy Cormorants*) ſtill *more* and *more*,
Pretending *charity*, yet ſtarve the *poor*?

Was it not you whose active hands provided
To pull down *Crosses*, that have thus divided
My yeelding people? Can ye now pull down
These Crosses ye have builded? You that *Crown*
Your hearts with *malice*, will you always stand
In oppositon? will you still command
In spight of Fortune? will ye always be
Majestique too, in spight of *Majestie?*
I may affirm, that never *Nation* had
So good a King, whose subjects are so bad.
Do ye not see how *Heav'n* hath pleas'd to smile
Upon his Soul, and blesse him all this while
With long-continued patience? It is he
VVhose life hath given life to Pietie.
He is a second *Job*, whose patience can
Outvy the base indignities of man:
Go ransack *Europe*, see if you can finde
A more composed Prince, whose noble minde
Can entertain a grief, and never vent
(But turn) his passion into blest content;
VVhole volumns of his grief may be expresst;
And since I dare not speak, I'l weep the rest.
O stop my tears, or else my eyes will flow
Into a deluge; for my sorrows know
No mean at all; extreams of tears must fall
For such extreams of grief: Attend me all,
Whose *hearts* are not too *flinty*; I'l declare (car
Your Soveraigns *suffering*, with your Soveraig
How many widowed night has his sad heart
VVorn out with sorrow, having none t'imp
H

His thoughts unto, except he please to spend
His language on the ears of such a friend
As *Haman* was; whose unrestrained power
Punisht his own offence in halfe an hour.
Judg you, whose *hearts* have vow'd a double *life*,
What are th'endearments of a tender wife, (blest
Judg you (what 'tis) whō bounteous *heav'n* hath
With numerous off-springs, to be dispossest
Of those encreasing comforts, which dilcry
No real joy, but in their parents eye.
And if th'enjoyment of these blessings yeeld
Such large content, needs must the want *unshield*
The Soul of comfort: O unhappy fate!
Who'd be a Father at so dear a rate?
A wife, unhappy, happy word; a wife
Happy oft-times to an unhappy life:
A wife, that word importeth joys
Unparallel'd; that very word destroyes
Armies of grief, and oftentimes it brings
A heav'nly sorrow to the hearts of Kings;
And curs'd be they, *heav'n* gives me *leave* to *speak*,
That shall presume to separate, or break
Conjugall bands; How many in this Land
Lie subject to this curse? how many stand
Amaz'd, almost distracted, that have been
Actors? *Heav'n* bless my *King*, protect my *Queen*;
How many false aspersions have you cast
Upon their heads? Did ye not strive to blast
Their spotless honors? What was spoke of late,
I hate to think, much more to nominate:

Admit it had been truth, then had ye not
Prov'd much unjuſt, to leave ſo large a blot
Within this *Kingdom*: Thus you can diſcry
Inferior molehils, but *let mountains* lie.
But tell me then, is this the onely way
To make a *glorious King*? Heaven grant *he* may
Want ſuch obnoxious *honor*, till he crave
Honor from *you*, to whom *he* honors gave:
Conſider well, and ye will finde it true,
'Twas Heav'n that made him glorious, and not you:
'Twas he that fill'd his Soul with true renown,
And crown'd his Croſs as you have croſt his Crown.
Heav'n breaks no *Covenants*, he never fails,
He never *unvotes* what he *votes*, or rails
Againſt his *enemies*, but grieves to ſee
Their Souls run headlong to their deſtinie.
Abuſed *Peace* perverts into a *Curſe*:
What can be *better*, or what may be *worſe*
Then *peace*, whoſe *preſence* (*like the Sun*) diſplays
Its golden Enſigns; whoſe refulgent rays
Adorns the *Earth*, and fills the gazing eye
With glorious light, and peaceful *Majeſty*?
But when rude *Boreas* ſummons all his *power*,
And argues with the *Seas*; In half an hour
You may behold a change: they which before
Were wrapt in *ſilence*, now begin to roar
Into a *fury*; *contradictions bring*
Endleſs diſputes: Shall *Boreas* be a *King*,
And rule th'unruly *waves*? (when ſurges meet,
How rudely do they part, how rudely greet!)

Whileſt

Whileſt peaceful *Zephyrus* muſt be deny'd
To breathe upon the *floods*? Can ſtorms abide
For ever? No: raſh *Boreas* muſt at laſt
Submit to *Zephyrus*; whoſe milder blaſt
Proclaims a ſudden Peace, and ſtrives to grace
The ſimp'ring Ocean with a ſmother face.
But whither am I hurried? ſlack my ſails,
I fly beyond my *Port*; I finde the gales
Of grief are too robuſtuous, and I doubt
I cannot anchor here, but tack about.
Seven years are now compleated *ſince my grief*
Had its initiation, yet *relief*
Stands at a diſtance; *Peace* is in a doubt
Whither to come *within* or ſtay *without*.
Your raſh proceedings and your great diſgraces
Make *Peace* even bluſh to look *you* in the *faces*;
O miſerable men that live to know
Such Times, ſuch a reduplicating woe!
Is there no art remains? Is there no way
To ſet you right, that thus have gone aſtray?
Is there no faithful *Lot* to pray for Peace,
And ſtop the *cauſe*, that ſo th'effect may *ceaſe*?
Is there no *Jonah* dare proclaim, and cry
Unto the *ſons of men*, Deſtruction's nigh?
But are they all aſleep, now ſorrows ſwarm?
(*O how can they repoſe in ſuch a ſtorm!*)
Rouze ſlumbring Souls, & lift your heads above
The decks of negligence; The God of Love
Will be too angry, if you ſleep too long: (*ſtrong*
Advance your thoughts, and let your pray'rs be

For me, who am thus weak, and muſt decay,
Except this griefe-encreaſing *Remora*
Be wip'd away; O may I not offend
The Auditor of *Heav'n*, if I ſhall ſpend
Some words to this effect; I muſt confeſs
Dear God, I am corrupted, I addreſs
My ſelf to thee; O let thy healing hand
Preſcribe a Balſam for this bleeding Land:
I have been too progreſſive, grant I may
Be retrograded to my former way:
Spoyl not the path becauſe I ſtep'd aſide,
Correct my feet, and let the path abide.
What though the path be ſomething rough, and
Better's a rough path then no path at all;
For now I Ramble up and down, and ſee
No certainty, except of miſerie.
Is it diſcretion to pull down a fair
Cathedral Church becauſe one ſpider's there?
Is it diſcretion to condemn the Sun
Becauſe the *Dials falſe?* the Times muſt run
Their revolutions; ſet the Dial right,
Then you'l not want a truth till *Sol* wants light.
Let all things move within their orbs; ſuppoſe
Th' inferior lights ſhould labor to depoſe
The *Prince* of light, & drive him from his *throne*
And by an uſurpation make't their own:
What *ſtrange effects* would this produce t' affright
Supine *Aſtronomers*, to ſee that light,
Which was at diſtance, now approach ſo near
And blaze in an improper Hæmiſphere!

Conſide

Conſider then, would not the Stars let fall
Too great an influence, the Sun too ſmall,
On humane bodies? O may they remain
In their own Region, then would *Sol* again
Enjoy his juſt prerogatives, and feed
The world with ſuch a luſtre, as I need:
Peace is the light I want, could I obtain
But Peace, how ſoon ſhould I ſurvive again!
Peace is the beſt Phyſician, I require
Nothing but Peace to quench my hot deſire.
A good Phyſician will be ſure to ſee,
E're he preſcribes, where lies the maladie;
Then he'l begin to ſtudy, and to try
What may be beſt; whether *Phlebotomy*
Be good, and if it be, opens a vein,
And ſo reſtores his Patients eaſe again: (You
Thus, thus, *grand Authors* of my woes, ſhould
Have done at firſt, if ye had been but true
To me; but when at firſt my griefs you ſaw
Ye thought it good to purge me with your *Law*,
And having purg'd me, ye began to ſee
How weak I was, and what a low degree
Had brought me to, and then ye fell at ſtrife,
By killing me, how to preſerve my life.
You brought *ſtrange Doctors* to me, whoſe *advice*
I'm ſure was purchas'd by too high a price:
They bid me lift my *arms* up to my *head*,
And ſtir my *Body*; for diſeaſes bred
For want of *exerciſe*: they bid me play
A game or two at *Tiſh* every day.

I took th'advice, then I begun to finde
A *ſudden alteration*, and my *minde*
Was ſo tranſported, that me thoughts the gro
Began to dance, *and I my ſelf turn'd round*:
I fell into a *trance*, with this *preſumption*,
And ever ſince I've liv'd in a *Conſumption*.
Let *this example* all the world aſſure,
An *Engliſh* Grief will have no *Scottiſh* Cure.
And ſo farewel, if theſe be your conditions,
Henceforth you may prove---But not Phyſicians

Englands Petition to Heaven.

Ah me! Ah me! can nothing but *Ah me*
Fly from my *barren heart (dear God) to the*
Ah me! and why will not that word import
Ten thouſand *prayers*, that ſo I may reſort
Unto thy ears by *Troops*? then would I run
Diviſion on *ah me*, till Time were done.
Weak as I am, *diſtracted*, and *defil'd*,
I proſtitute my ſelf, not as a *childe*
Of *Sin*, but as a *Parent* that has had
A numerous *off-ſpring*: Now my heart is ſad,
O grant that my unfeigned *grief* may grow
Upon a real *graft*, that I may ſhow
The fruit of perfect ſorrow, and declare
How great my ſins, how great thy mercies are:
Storm thou my *ſins*, and force them to retre
And make my craving *breaſt* thy *mercies ſeat*

Str

Strike thou my *flinty Soul*, that my desires
May, from a *spark*, encrease to *flames*: Thy fires
Must thaw my *Icy Soul*, or else I shall
Remain for ever a *congealed Gall*:
I am compos'd of *steel*, and cannot bow,
Except thy *dear instructions* teach me how:
Attract *me* by the *loadstone* of thy *grace*,
That through thy *mercies* I may see thy *face*;
And having view'd it, I may never more
Return to what I *Idoliz'd* before;
I have a *Lydiab's heart*, in mercy please
To open it, *thy mercies are the keyes*:
Ravish my *Soul*, that I may fall in love
With thee, *my God*, with thee, that art a *Dove*
Of innocency: Let my *raptures* mount
As high as Heav'n, that there I may recount
Thy never *failing love*, and sing thy praise
With *Davids heart*, until the *last of days*:
Tune thou my *stupid Soul*, and then it shall
Be truly sweet, and heav'nly musical:
Convert my *swords* to *sighs*, that I my fight
With my own *crimes*, and hate to take delight
To lacerate my self: O tye the hands
Of fury! *make me stoop to thy commands.*
Convert my *tydes of blood* to *streams of tears*,
My lyes to *truths*, my *horrid oaths to prayers*:
Make me to apprehend how *thou* hast wept
Late for *me*, whilest I securely slept.
Let not thy *tears* destroy me, but let me
Dissolve to tears (dear God) and weep to thee:

It

Is it the *heat* of my *offences* make
The *Heav'ns* to melt, (*O Heav'n some pity take*
Or has thy *great discretion* thought it good
To send these *showres* to *wash away that blood*
Which I have lost; I know thy purer eyes
Cannot endure a bloody sacrifice.
O stop thy *bottle*, pity my *sad times*,
And grant to *me* more *tears* or fewer *crimes!*
Be pleas'd to view me with a gracious eye,
And let the lustre of thy *Majesty*
Reflect upon *me*, let thy *glorious light*
Create a day of *mercy*, that the *night*
Of *sin* may be expel'd; O hear my pray'rs
Usher'd unto thee with a tyde of *tears.*
To me, O let thy *mercies* be expresst,
And fill the *concave* of a sinful *breast*;
Sinful, *ah sinful*, more then I am able
With language to express, *intolerable*:
Behold my *Festred Soul*, whose wounds proce
From *sin*, and being dresst with *sin*, they bleed
They *bleed* (*dear heav'n*) *they bleed*, O what a flo
A flood they make! and I am bath'd in *blood*
O stop this *current* that does still begin,
Or I shall drown a *Kingdom* in my *sin*;
O look upon me, and in mercy please
To send me *salve* to *palliate* my disease:
Begin to hear (*O GOD*) *begin to send,*
That so my sorrows may begin to end.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

CHAP. I.

Contents.

The miſerable eſtate of Jeruſalem by reaſon of her ſins, 12 *She complaineth of her griefe,* 18 *and confeſſeth Gods judgments to be righteous.*

HOw doth the *City*, that was *bleſt* of *late*
With ſtore of *people*, now *lament* her *ſtate?*
How like a poor diſtreſſed *widow* ſhe
Deplores her ſorrows, that was wont to be
Great among *Nations?* greater far then any;
How tributary is ſhe now to many?

She

2 She drowns her blushing *cheeks* with midni
And from her *lovers* can *obtain* no pray'rs: (te
Her *friends*, arm'd all with treachery, arise
And shew themselves her publique *enemies*
3 Spurr'd with affliction, *Judah's* forc'd to fly
And throw her self into *Captivity*;
Because of sense-consuming servitude
She dwells amongst the *Heathen* multitude:
Her *Foes* o're-took her when she was distre
Well might she wish for, but could take no
4 *Sion* is with redoubled grief surpriz'd,
Because her *feasts* by none are *solemniz'd*:
Her *Gates* are fill'd with *desolation*, and
Her *Virgins* tortur'd with *affliction's* hand:
Her *Priests* with *sighs*, *heart-breaking sighs*, ex
Their grief: Ah *Sion's* fill'd with bitterne
5 Her chiefest people are her chiefest *foes*;
Just Heav'n with these innumerable woes
Plagues her transgressions; and the enemy
Drives her dear *Children* to *Captivity*.
6 And that rare beauty, which adorn'd & gra
Sions dear daughter, is of late defac'd:
Her *Princes* fly, and ransack all about,
Like hungry *Harts*, to finde a pasture out
They all are fled, and flying, can procure
No strength t' oppose the merciless *pursuer*.
7 But when *Jerusalem* was thus confin'd
T' *affliction's* lawless bounds, *she* call'd to mi
Her by past pleasures, and those days which
Had spent in *time-devouring Jollity*.

or now her *crying sins* are *grown* so *great*, (*seat*: 8
hat *Heav'n* hath thrown her from his *mercies*
ll those that lov'd her, yea & highly priz'd her.
eeing her shameful *nakedness*, despis'd her:
he sighs & turns her back as though she'd *borrow*
private *breath* t'express a publique *sorrow*:
or being fill'd with wickedness, Her *end* 9
he never thought of, neither had she *friend*
o comfort her: *O Lord my God, behold*
y great afflictions: Ah my foe grows bold,
nd magnifies himself: His stretch'd out hand 10
lath spoyld the pleasures of my fruitful Land:
he very Heathen, whom thou didst deny
hy Congregation, do contemn, defie
hy just commands; and with unseemly paces
force an entrance to thy holy places.
er *bread-desiring* people, fill'd with *grief*, 11
ive their chief *treasures* for a *small relief*:
ehold, O Lord, consider my distress,
or I am vile, and fill'd with wickedness.
Oh stop your hasty feet, ye that pass by, 12
nd look upon my new-bred *misery*;
um up the totals of all grief, then borrow
million more; 'Tis nothing to that *sorrow*
hich I support, wherewith the *angry power*
ath pleas'd t'afflict me in *His* wrathful hour:
r he from his *all-ruling throne* hath sent 13
o my bones a fiery *Government*:
a, and his ever-active *hand* hath set,
insnare my feet, a Heaven-contrived *net*:

And

And I am desolate, and fainting lies,
Being turn'd from *him*, am turn'd to *misery*.
14 Fast to my servile neck *He* hath bound on
The wreathed yoke of my transgression;
Impair'd my strength, & by *His* just *comman*
I'm thrown into my persecutors hands,
Where I, remorsless I, must still remain,
Voyd of all hope to be enlarg'd again.
15 *His* unresisted strength hath broke the *bo*
And made a *foot-stool* of my *Mighty Ones*:
A great Assembly *He* hath call'd that may
Punish my *young-men* that will not *obey*;
And *Judah's* fairest *Virgin Daughter's* trod
As in a wine-press by th' Almighty God.
16 And O these *sorrows*, O these *miseries*
Stir up a *tempest* in my clouded eyes!
Mine eyes, mine eyes, run o're, I dayly spend
More tears then any brain can apprehend:
My foes prevail, my children all are led
Into Captivity, my hopes are fled.
17 *Sion* spreads forth her feeble arms t'expres
She seeks for *comfort*, but is *comfortless*.
The *Lord* of *hosts* commands that *Jacob's* ey
Shall round about him see his enemies;
And poor despis'd, distrest *Jerusalem*
Is as a *menstruous woman* amongst them.
18 My God is *just*, yet I, rebellious I,
Transgrest against his glorious Majesty:
O hear me *people*, let your ears but borrow
A minutes time, from *Time*, to hear my *la*

My *Virgins* and my *young men* all are fled
Into *Captivity*; my *Priests* are dead:
My *Friends* refuse to hear me when I call;
For want of *food* my hungry *Elders* fall.
O Lord, behold, see how I am oppreſt,
My heart thumps at the portals of my breſt:
Oh I have ſinned, and my *ſins* indite me;
Abroad the *Sword*, at home grim *Death* affrights me.
My friends have heard my *groaning*, and my *grief*
Is known to them; but I know no *relief*:
My *foes* with clamorous voyces fill the *Earth*,
And make my *grief* the ſubject of their *mirth*:
But *Heav'n* hath nam'd a day when theſe my *foes*
Shall be *Co-partners* in my mock'd at *woes*.
O *God*, *let not their faults be hid from thee*,
But deal with them as thou haſt dealt with me:
My heart is faint, my ſtrugling *ſighs* are many,
My *griefs* too great to be expreſt by any.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

IF *thou wouldſt know*, my Soul, *what harms attend*
A ſinners *progreſſe to his journeys end*;
Here, here thou mayſt, if with impartiall eyes
Thou wilt obſerve the unſatiate miſeries
Of poor Jeruſalem, *whoſe tedious* groans,
Whoſe ſighs, *and* ſobs, *and* tears, *the world bemoans*.

Observe her heedlesse steps, and thou shalt know
Sin *was the* Author *of her self-will'd* Wo.
'Twas sweet at first, but sowre in th'event,
That little word assumes a large extent:
Where Sin predominates, there we may find
The inconvenience of a troubl'd mind:
For when the mind's perplex'd, then we begin
Either to fall to, or to fall from Sin:
For like the restlesse Sea she's active still,
And alwayes agitating good *or* ill;
If well imploy'd, she builds a wall *about*
The Soul, *to keep approaching* dangers *out:*
But if she spends her thriftlesse hours in Evil,
She makes a banquet *to invite the* Devil,
Who with his subtile and misguiding force
Will re-invite her to a second course:
And then let Christians judge how much disquiet
That Soul *sustains that loves the* Devils *dyet.*

Ah then my Soul, *if thou desir'st to be*
Exempted from the lot *of* miserie,
Make Heav'n *thy refuge; there thou mayst be sure*
To find contentment *and repose secure:*
Thou needst not fear, there is no poys'nous thing
Can wound that Soul, *that truly loves his* King:
Nor all the malice *mortals can invent,*
Shall add to thee one mite of discontent:
There is no sorrow, *no* calamity
T'oppresse thy thoughts: No wry-look'd enemy
T'upbraid thy actions: *then my* Soul *advise*
How much it profits to be heav'nly wise.

Ah bad Jeruſalem *(whoſe grief no* Pen
Can e're engrave into the hearts of men)
Been wiſely wary, ſhe had never known
Thoſe late reap'd ſorrows, *which her* ſins *had ſown:*
Had ſhe but ſearch'd her boſom, *and contriv'd*
Her actions *well, her* glory *had ſurviv'd:*
Had ſhe with Davids *tears in time repented,*
Thoſe uncorrected ſins her heart lamented,
She had not felt thoſe judgments *which did wait*
Upon the ruines *of her falling* State:
But whilſt her eyes were muffl'd and deluded,
Folly *came in, where* Reaſon *was excluded.*
Needs muſt that Kingdome unto ruine run,
Where Folly ſets and riſes with the Sun.
Like as the body that's oppreſs'd with grief,
Can neither hope for, nor obtaine relief,
Till the diſeaſe *be known; there's none can tell*
The rage *of* Sickneſſe *that was alwayes well.*
Even ſo Jeruſalem, *becauſe that ſhe*
Judg'd not the Reaſon *of her* Miſery
Till ſhe was paſt recovery, *could never*
Have health reſtor'd her, but was ſick for ever.
Alas! alas! that Kingdom needs muſt fall,
That has a griefe ſo Epidemicall.
Had ſhe but like the Ninevites *in time*
Stop'd thoſe diſtemp'ring humors *which did climb*
Above her ſtrength, *her* grief *had quickly ended,*
And Heav'n *revokt thoſe* judgments *he intended.*
Med'cines are vain things *when apply'd too late,*
And through delay a grief grows deſperate.

He that is ſin-ſick *is in bad condition,*
Except Heav'n pleaſe to be his Souls Phyſician:
And if God once deny his Patient bliſſe,
Whoſe muſt the fault be, when the faults not his?
Alas! alas! 'tis but *in vain for any*
To ſtrive to cure one grief, that had ſo many
As had Jeruſalem *had*; *her* plagues *were more*
Then all the world could reckon up before:
She had a Monop'ly, *ſhe need not borrow,*
She was the Hierogliphick *of all* ſorrow.
Yet if in time ſhe'd made repentant moan,
Heav'n could have cur'd them all as well as one.
There is no Sin, *let it be* great *or* ſmall,
But Heav'n can find a balſam *for them all.*
My Soul, *thou art my* Monarch, *therefore I*
May boldly look into thy Monarchy.
Firſt praiſe thou Heav'n, *then* learn to be conte
With what he ſends thee, *let thy* government
Be ſtill Monarchical, *and fenc'd about*
With fervent prayers, *to keep* Sedition *out.*
Let watch *and* ward *be kept, leſt* Traytor Sin
Betray thee; Let not Faction *come within*
Thy liſts: *And ſtill be careſull to ſurprize*
Rebellious thoughts, *as ſoon as they ariſe:*
For if they once appear within thy borders,
They'l breed confuſion, *and confus'd* diſorders.
Learn to be wiſely politick, *and be*
Ready to let Religion *counſell thee.*
Let Reaſon *be thy* guide, *and let thy* Laws
Be truly executed; *Let thy* Cauſe

Be juſt and real: then my Soul, *be ſure*
To let thy fundamentall Laws *endure*,
Till he that ſits on the refulgent Throne
Shal take thee hence, & keep thee for his own.

CHAP. II.

Contents.

1. *Jeremiah lamenteth the miſery of Jeruſalem.*
20. *He complaineth thereof to God.*

BEhold! *Heav'ns Metropolitan* hath ſpread 1
His gloomy clouds of *anger* on the head
Of ſad *Jeruſalem*: He hath deſtroy'd
Thoſe bounteous treaſures *Iſrael* enjoy'd;
And from his *mem'ry* hath his footſtool thrown,
When he with floods of *anger* was o'reflown.
And *Jacobs* habitations he unfram'd, 2
And wrathfully conſum'd them: Thus inflam'd
The ſtrongeſt Caſtles *Judah's* Daughter had,
He tumbled down, and made her people ſad:
And he, to ſhew what his grand power could do,
Defil'd the *Kingdom* and the *Princes* too.
His two-edg'd *paſſion* hath cut off the *horn*
And *Chief* of *Iſrael*, made him a *ſcorn*

To

To his deriding *Foes*, and also ſtaid,
Yea and withdrawn his *right-hand* from his aid
His fury like an all conſuming *flame*
Burn'd againſt *Jacob*, and devour'd his *name*.
4 His wreſtleſs *arm* hath bent his yeelding *bow*;
He ſtood reſolved like a dauntleſſe *foe*:
And in the *Tabernacle* he hath ſlew.
The eyes delight, like fire his anger flew
5 He threw down *Iſraels* ſtrongeſt *ſituations*,
And fil'd *Jeruſalem* with *lamentations*.
6 And like a fruitleſſe *garden* hath laid voyd
Th'infected *Tabernacle*, and deſtroy'd
Th' *Aſſemblies ſtructures*; and an angry wind
Hath blown their *Feaſts* and *Sabbaths* from his mind
Both *Kings* & *Prieſts* in anger he forgot,
And look'd on them as if he ſaw them not.
7 His *holy places*, and his *Altars* he
Abhor'd; and gave unto the *Enemie*
Her faireſt *Palaces*: their ill-tun'd *voyces*,
8 As on a *feaſt-day*, fill'd the *Church* with *noiſes*.
His *hand* ſtretch'd forth a *line*, when he intended
To ruine *Sion* that ſo much offended:
He hath reſolv'd *deſtruction*, therefore all
The *rampart* languiſh'd with the gliding *wall*.
9 He hath deſtroy'd, and batter'd down her *grates*
The gaping *Earth* imbowel'd all her *Gates*:
Her *King* and *Princes* dwell with *Gentiles*; and
Her *Laws* are baniſh'd from her *lawleſſe Land*;
Her *Prophets* gaze about; the frowning ſkies
Do repreſent no *viſion* to their eyes.

Her

Her mournful *Elders* on the ground repose 10
And silently consent unto their woes: (crown'd
They cloth'd themselves with *sackcloth*, and they
Their *heads* with *dust* they borrowed from the
Nojoys were pleasing to the eys of them (ground
That were the *Virgins* of *Jerusalem*.
My bowels yern, my tear-distilling eyes 11
Are sore with gazing on the *miseries*
Of frail *Jerusalem*: Alas, the feet
Of her dear *sucklings* stagger in the street!
And like the wounded in the *City*, send 12
Their *sighs* for *food* unto their deareſt *friend*:
And whilst they slumbred on their *mothers breſt*,
They pour'd their *Souls* into *eternall reſt*.
What shall I witnesse for thee, O thou *Gem*, 13
Thou pining *Daughter* of *Jerusalem*?
To what shall I compare thee? What can be,
O *Sions* Daughter, equal unto thee?
Let all the world recure thee if they can;
For Ah thy *breach* is like the *Ocean*!
Alas, thy purblind *Prophets* all have been 14
Hoodwink'd with *folly*, & *vain things* have seen:
But ne'er discover'd thine *iniquity*,
Which was the *cause* of thy *captivity*.
Their mis-informed *senses* were content
To see false *Reasons* for thy *Banishment*.
All that past by, and saw thee thus decaying, 15
Clapt their *rude hands*, yea hist at thee, *thus saying*;
Is this the *City* that the *worldlings* call 16
Beauties perfection? This the *joy* of all?

Thy *foes* revile thee, and as they passe by (cry
They gnash their teeth against thee; thus they
This is the day we look'd for, now we know
She is destroy'd, we see her *overthrow*.
17 That which the King of *Heav'n* devised, now
He hath enacted and fulfil'd his *vow*;
He hath thrown down without remorse, O see,
Thy *adversaries* triumph over thee.
This hath th' *Almighty* done for them, at length
He made thē strōg, yea & advanc'd their *strength*.
18 They mov'd the *Lord* with their unceſſant cries;
O wall of Sions daughter, let thine eyes
Run down like Rivers, give thy ſelf no ſleep;
Forget *to ſmile*, and practice how to *weep*.
19 *Ariſe, and in the ſilent night bemoan*
Thy grief; *O cry unto th' Almighty One*:
In the beginning of the watch implore
Thy growing ſorrows; *make a flood before*
Th' Eternall face: *O crave that he would pleaſe*
To ſend thy young, faint, hungry children eaſe.
20 Conſider *Lord*, to whom thou'ſt done this great,
This unrepented *ill*: Shall *Women* eat (lie
Their *ſpan long children*? Shall thy *ſlain Prieſts*
Tomb'd with thy *Prophet* in thy *Sanct'ary*?
21 The *young* and *old* have ſhar'd in equal *harms*,
They lie and tumble in each others *arms*:
Upon the flinty ſtreets my *Virgins* fall,
With my *young men*; the *ſword* diſliv'd them all:
Thus in thine *anger* haſt thou ſtruck them dead,
Thus haſt thou kill'd, and never pitied.

A:

As in a *ſolemn day*, my *terrors* round 22
About thou'ſt called, ſo that none was found
In the *Lords day* of *anger* to remain:
Thoſe that I ſwadled and brought up, in vain
I brought them up; the *enemy* inſum'd
Envy'd this *off ſpring*, and their *dayes* conſum'd.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

SEe, *ſee, my* Soul, *what* Heav'n *hath done! O ſee*
What 'tis t'offend a pow'rful Majeſty!
Go, go, and quickly tell the ſons of men
What 'tis to rouze a Lion *from his* Den:
Bid them *keep* peace *and* quietneſſe *in* Sion;
Bid them *turn* Lambs, *or* Heav'n *will turn a* Lion.
Bid them *take notice*, ſhe *that was the* ſtem
Of honour, *now is poor* Jeruſalem.
Alas! alas! experience *made her know*
Griefs *abſtract*, and *the* quinteſcence *of* wo.
And ah my Soul! *who knows the* courſe *of* ſorrow?
There 'tis to day, it may be here to morrow.
Then have a care, let thy well tutor'd grief
Know rather how to purchaſe a relief,
Then plagues *and* torments; *Let thy ſober will*
Be ſway'd by reaſon; *let thy* reaſon *ſtill*
Lead thee to meditation: *then begin*
To ſearch thy ſelf, and cypher up thy ſin.

Having

Having thus done, thou quickly wilt discry
Thy grief, and where th'imperious humors lie;
And having found them out, let no delay
Damage thy Soul, but quickly haste away;
And from the bottom of thy heart confesse
Thy greatest sins; so Heav'n may make them less.
O kisse the Son; for if his anger be,
Yea but a little kindled, blest is he
Whose groping Soul his seal'd up mercies *found,*
And cast his anchor *in so firm a ground.*
Heav'n smiles on them whose oft-repeated pray'r
Expands their sins, and makes their God their care.
But when revolting negligence *shall call*
Confounding ruine *from the imperiall hall*
Of Heav'ns high-seated Palace, and invite
A dreadfull vengeance to eclipse the light
Of a resplendent happinesse; and double
The lab'ring Soul with interposing trouble:
Ah, then our pleasures *shall be turn'd to* toyes,
And sudden grief *shall expiate our* joys!
And like Jerusalem, *confus'd shall we*
Wander and languish in obscuritie:
Then, then our down cast spirits shall lament,
And moan their just deserved punishment:
Then shall our Peace *be drawn unto an end,*
Then shall we look for, but shall find no friend;
Then shall our sad Embassadors prepare,
And mount to Heav'n, but find no audience there:
Then shall our blubber'd eyes in vain let slide
Innumerable tears: then shall the Tyde

Of

Of Heav'ns high-flowing anger rage and roar,
And dash against our sin polluted shore:
Then shall we run, and in our running, meet
Th'obvious sword in the blood-streaming street:
Then shall our hasty trembling feet retire
To our sad houses; there shall Death require
Th'arrears of sorrow: Lingring Famine shall
Like to a lean-cheek'd Fury grasp us all:
And from our strouting veins shall squeez a flood,
A lake-warm deluge of diffused blood.
Then shall our children with their midnight cryes
Lament for food; Then shall their mothers eyes
Bedew their bosoms with the falling showres
Of dribling tears: Then shall their lothed hours
Haste to an end; And having thus expreſt
Their woes, shall creep into Eternall reſt.
Then shall the early melancholy Bels
Sound mournfull peals for their sad laſt farewels.
Ah now my Soul! Can any griefs out-vy
Such griefs as theſe? Can any heart deny
The juſtneſſe of theſe Judgments? If they do,
May they feel Sodoms and Gomorrahs too.
Heav'n cannot be unjuſt; No, no, 'tis we
Provoking sinners are unjuſt, not he.
Shall we offend, and shall we every day
Hale down his Judgements on our backs, then lay
The burthen of our faults on him, and cry,
Like Traytor Judas, Maſter, Is it I?
Na, no, we muſt not; but let every one
Unboſome all his actions, and make known

His

His misdemeanors; *then if any can*
Plead himself guiltlesse, *he's a* happy man.
Find out but ten good men, *and for their sake*
Heav'n will deduct a thousand plagues, *and shake*
Ten thousand *more from his incensed* brest,
And for their sakes will give ten thousand *rest.*
Sodom *can witnesse* Heav'n *brooks no denyal,*
He *had sav'd all,* bad ten *been found but loyal.*
Oh blind *and* foolish *is that* City, *when*
Ten thousand *doubled cannot number* ten.

CHAP. III.

Contents.

1. *The Faithful bewail their calamities.* 22. *By the mercies of God they nourish their hopes,* 37. *They acknowledge Gods Justice.* 55. *They Pray for deliverance.* 64. *and vengeance on their Enemies.*

1 I Am *I have* seen *affliction* by the *rod,*
Th'impetuous *anger* of the *wrathfull God.*
2 He with a *pitchy darknesse* mask'd my *sight,*
And hath not *cloath'd me* with the *robes of light.*
3 He turn'd his hand against me all the *day;*
4 He broke my *bones,* and made my *flesh* decay.

His

His *lab'ring fury* hath built up a *wall*
Againſt *me*, and ſurrounded *me* with *gall*.
In *dungeon places* he me ſet like *thoſe*
Which in their *graves* have had a long *repoſe*.
And he hath made my toilſom *chains* to be
Heavy; *He hedg'd me from my Liberty*.
And when I ſhout and cry he will not hear,
But makes *my prayer a ſtranger* to his *ear*.
He hath incloſed me with *ſtones* that ſtay
My haſty *ſteps*, he hath incurv'd my way.
And as a *lurking Bear* obſerves my *paces*,
Or as a *Lion* in the ſecret *places*.
He turn'd *me* from my *wayes*, diſturb'd my *ſtate*,
Pull'd *me* in *pieces*, made *me deſolate*.
He bent his *Bow*, and made *my* trembling *heart*
The aym'd-*at object* of his *fatall dart*.
He cauſ'd his *quivered gueſts* t'inforce my *veins*,
And take a *large poſſeſſion* in my *reins*.
I was my *peoples* laughing *ſtock*, their *ſong*
Was tuned to my *miſchiefe* all day long.
He fill'd me full of *bitterneſſe* and *woe*, (too
And made *me drunke* with nauſeous *Wormwood*
He brake my *teeth* with *gravel ſtones*, and *hee*
With heaps of *aſhes* hath involved *me*.
Baniſh'd my *Soul* from *Peace*, *Proſperity*
Is quite relapſed from my *memory*.
I ſaid, my *ſtrength*, my very *hope* is even
Waſted and periſh'd from the *Lord* of *Heaven*.
Ponder my *woes*, and my *afflictions* all,
Remember both the *honey* and the *gall*.

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These things do still in my *remembrance* rest,
20 And *ah*, my *Soul* is humbled in my *breſt!*
This I recall to my *ſwift roving mind*,
21 Therefore I hope, and hoping, hope to find.
It is the *mercy* of the *Lord* we fail
22 So ſafe; for his compaſſions never fail.
They're every morning new; thy *faithfulneſſe*
23 Is great, and greater then I can expreſſe.
The *Lord* is my portion, ſaith my *Soul*; and I
24 Will therefore hope unto *Eternity*.
And that *juſt Soul*, which dayly ſhall attend
25 Upon the *Lord*, ſhall never want a *friend*.
'Tis good that man ſhould hope and wait up
26 Th' *Almighties* pleaſure and *ſalvation*.
'Tis good for man to exerciſe the *truth*,
27 And bear the *yoke* of his offending *youth*.
He ſits alone, and ſilently makes known,
28 He bears no other burthen then his *own*.
His humbled *mouth* ſalutes the duſty *ground*,
29 As if ſome hopes of *mercy* may be found.
He's fill'd with *ſhame*, he willingly invites
30 T'a ſecond *ſtroke* the hand of him that *ſmites*.
For they that ſtrive, and really endeavor,
31 God will not leave, nor caſt them off for ever.
He will have pitty, though he ſends a grief;
32 *In multitudes of mercy lies reliefe*.
He doth not puniſh, nor augment the *ſmart*
33 Of ſinners *children* with a willing *heart*.
His feet take no delight to cruſh to *death*
34 Th' offending *priſoners* of th' inferior *earth*.

To turn away *mans* right (his heart abhors) 35
Before the face of their *superiors*.
And to subvert a *man* in his just cause, 36
The *Lord* approveth not, 'tis not his *Laws*. (say,
And who is he whose spend-thrift *tongue* dare 37
This thing shall come to pass, when *Heav'n* says
Out of the mouth of him that's *God* indeed (*nay?* 38
There doth not *evil*, but known *good* proceed.
Why doth a living *man* with *grumbling* thoughts 39
Complain as one that's punisht for his faults?
Let's search, lets try our *ways*, lets turn again 40
To *God*, and he will turn away our *pain*.
And let our hands b'extended with our *Souls* 41
To Heav'ns *Star-chamber*, where our God con-
We have rebelliously transgrest, and *thou*, (trouls 42
Thou hast not pard'ned with a cheerful *brow*.
Thine *anger* hath o'reshadowed us thou hast 43
Slain without pity, we thy *anger* taste. (let
Th'ast vail'd thy self with *clouds*, which will not 44
Our *prayers* passe thorough to discharge *our debt*.
And as th'off-scouring thou, *O Lord* hast made us 45
Amongst those *factious people* that betray'd us.
Our greedy *enemies* have op'ned wide 46
Their *mouths* against us, and our *pains* deride.
Fear like a *snare*, incloses us about, 47
And *desolation* will not keep *without*.
Mine eyes run down like hasty *floods* of *water*, 48
For the destruction of my *peoples Daughter*.
Mine eyes are full, and *tears* do stream upon 49
My *cheeks* without an *intermission*:

Till

50 Till *Heav'n* look't down on my *enriver'd face*,
And view'd my weeping from his *holy place*.
51 Mine *eyes* affect my *pining heart* with *pity*,
Because of all the *Daughters* of my *City*.
52 And causlesse (like a *frighted bird* that flies)
I still am chased by my *enemies*.
53 They have destroy'd me in the *dungeon*, nay
They cast a *stone* upon me where *I lay*.
54 Th'imperious waves mounted above my *head*,
And then I cry'd, *Alas*, *alas*, I'me *dead*.
55 I call'd upon thy Name (O Lord;) my voyce
Out of the *dungeon* made a dreadfull *noise*.
56 Th'ast heard my *cries*, Oh let thy *ears* not lie
Hid from the breathing of my doleful *cry*.
57 And in that day when I on thee did call,
Thou cam'st, *and bid me never fear at all*.
58 And when my *Soul* (O Lord) was fil'd with *strife*
Thou didst both *plead* my *cause*, and save my *life*.
59 And thou hast plainly seen my wrong'd estate,
Judg *thou* my *cause*, be *thou* my *Advocate*.
60 For *thou* hast seen *their vengeance*, *thou* dost see
Their deep imaginations against *me*.
61 Thou their *reproach* hast heard, and apprehended
What against *me* their bufie *thoughts* intended.
62 *Thou* know'st the very *lips* of *them* that rose
Against *me*, and the *malice* of my *foes*.
63 Behold their *sitting* and their *rising*, I
Am all their *musick*, and their *melody*.
64 Render to *them* a recompence, O *God*,
And let them feel *thy handy-work*, *thy rod*.

O give *them* grief of *heart*; O let *them burst* 65
With dregs of *sorrow*, let them be accurst
And let *thy* angry persecuting *hand* 66
Destroy, confound, and sweep them from the Land.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

COme, come, my Soul, *do not obnubilate*
Thy self with smoky pleasures, *nor create*
More vain delights *to please thy* toyish mind:
Be serious now; let pleasures be confin'd.
Th' Almighty's *angry, and his angry* Breath
Expresses nothing but resolved Death.
His wrath *is kindled, and his* furious hand
Threatens a ruine *to a sinfull* Land.
His bow *is* bent; *behold he stands prepar'd*,
'Tis he, 'tis he, *that will not be out-dar'd*:
And should his roving Messenger *impart*
A secret sorrow *to a private* heart;
What then? Can all the balsams *may be found*
Secure so great, so terrible *a* wound?
No, no: O then let thy discerning eye
Be truly watchful; for discovery
Oft times prevents a mischief: *he's a* stranger
To Heav'ns high Court, *that thinks to outbrave a*
Behold (my soul) thou art inviron'd round (danger
With troops of adversaries; *hark, they sound*

Their vilifying trumpets: *hark, they mock,*
And make thy sorrows *but their* laughing stock.
Dost thou not hear them, how they shout *and cry,*
As though they'd cleave th'unspeakable sky?
O be not deaf; rouze up thy self, *advance*
Thy backward thoughts, *sleep not in* ignorance.
Presume not Heav'n too much: O do not still
Urge more and more his most unwilling will.
Observe but how unpleasantly his arm
Draws up his bow, as one that's loath to harm.
Methinks I hear him say, O can ye *tell!*
Why will ye *dye,* ye house of Israel?
Methinks I hear his never-ending breath
Breathe a disdain against a sinners death.
Methinks I hear his grieved spirit *say,*
Ye that are weary, come, *O* come *away,*
And lay your burthens *on my* back, *and I*
Will bear them all; *I'l bear them* willingly;
Why will ye dye? *why will ye shut your* eyes,
And thus run head-long after vanities?
Open your Adder ears, *come and rejoyce*
With me *and* mine; *let my* harmonious voyce
Invite you: *Ah, what* pleasures *can accrue,*
From shadows, to such substances as you?
Cast off the works of darkness, *let true* light
Expel those mists: *O* come *when I* invite.
What do ye *mean? O tell* me, *tell* me *why*
Ye love to tumble in impurity?
Ah now my Soul! *let admiration prove*
That Heav'n's *compos'd of nothing but of* Love:

O Love beyond expreſſion! *My deſerts*
(*Rather then* Mercy) *claim a thouſand* darts.
Call home thy wandring thoughts, and let them *all*
(*Like ſervants*) *be obedient to thy Call.*
Examine them; the very beſt *will ſhow,*
Thy beſt deſerts *are but an* overthrow.
Review thy actions; *ſee if* they *can ſhield*
Thy threatned ſtate: *The more men ſtrive to ſmother*
Their ſins, the more one ſin begets another.
Then fly, dull ſoul, *to Heav'ns high* Court, *and there*
Melt, melt, *into an* everlaſting tear.
Attone thy God, *let not thy* tongue *deny*
The truth *to* him, *when* he *ſhall ask* thee, *why,*
Thy haſt thou *done this* wickedneſs? *Confeſs,*
That thou *haſt ſinn'd*; *'tis* he *that muſt depreſs*
That head-increaſing Hydra: *Then ſhalt* thou
Behold with what a voluntary brow
He'll entertain thee, *and thoſe* joys *impart*
To thee, *which wait upon a* contrite heart.
He will have pity, *though* he *ſends a* grief:
For multitudes of mercy lies relief.
The God of Love *did never take delight*
To baffle ſinners *with the clouds of* night.
He's an indulgent Father, *and his* care
Infinite, as all his mercies *are.*
Compoſe thy numerous thoughts, my ſon, and run:
Tell that Father, thou wilt be his Son.

Chap. IV.

Contents.

1 *Sion bewaileth her pitiful estate:* 13 *She confesseth her sins.* 21 *Edom is threatned.* 22 *Sion is comforted.*

1 How is the *gold grown* dim! how is the
The purest *changed*, that was wont to
The *stones* that pav'd the *Sanctuary* are thro
2 Into the *streets*, for *beasts* to trample on.
The sons of *Sion*, which I could compare
To fineſt *gold*, behold, see now they are
Esteem'd as *earthen pitchers*, which the han
3 Of the industrious *Potter* still commands.
The ill-shap'd *monsters*, which the *Ocean* ou
As *proper guests*, nourish their little ones:
But ah, my *Daughters* are grown pitiless,
4 Like *Ostriches* within the wilderness.
The worldless tongues of thirsty *children* c
To their unliquid mouths; they never lea
Their integrating cries: *Poor hearts* in va
5 They cry for *food*, but can no *food* obtain.
And they that fed upon delicious sweets,
Are desolate in the unquiet streets:

They that were brought up in a scarlet dresse,
Embrace a *dunghil* as their happiness.
For ah, my peoples *Daughter* suffers more
For her great sins, then *Sodom* did before,
Her beautified *Nazarites* could show
A purer white then *milk*, whiter then snow:
Their *bodies* then the *rubies* were more red,
With shining *Saphire* were they polished.
But now their changed visages excel
The *coal* in blackness; they that knew them *well*,
Now *know them* not: their flesh *adheres* & sticks:
Unto their bones, they are like with'red sticks.
Those that are ravisht of their fading breath
By the *encountring sword*, enjoy a death
Transcending theirs, whose *lingring souls are pinde*
For want of *food*: *Ah Famine's never kinde!*
The woful *women* boyl their young, they have
Turn'd their own fruitful *bellies* to a *grave*.
The Lord hath now accomplished his *ire*,
Pour'd out his streaming *anger*, caus'd a fire
To *flame* in *Sion*, wch devour'd and layd (made)
Those buildings waste, wch their own *hands had*
The *wisest Kings*, nor the *worlds copious* Nations
Did ever think to see these great invasions
Of the unbridled *foe*, whose head-long course
Divides her gates with their divided forces.
The *Priests* & *Prophets crimeless blood* have shed:
Their *sins* drew down this *mischief* on their *head*.
Like those they wander, whose benighted eyes
Attract no light from the all-lightning skies:

They have themselves polluted, so that none
Can touch their clothes; *they are with blood o're-*
15 The *people* cry, depart, what do ye *mean?* (*flown.*
Depart, depart, touch not, it is unclean:
The *Heathen*, as they fled together, cry'd,
With us they shall not *sojourn*, nor abide.
16 *Gods* anger hath divided them; he never
Will love *them* more, but cast *them* off for ever:
They dis-respected *Priests*, and they forgot
The *gravest Elders*, whom they pitied not.
17 But as for *us*, our help-beguiled eyes
Fail'd us as yet, no comfort would arise
To us; we watch'd for *Nations*, but their *pow'r*
Could not protect us from so great a showre.
18 They hunt our steps, our oft-extended feet
Cannot divide their paces in the street:
Our end is neer, and our days total sum
Is now fulfil'd, for now our end is come.
19 Our *persecuters*, our tormentors are
Swifter then *Eagles* that enforce the ayr:
Upon the Mountains they pursu'd us; *They*,
To trap our feet, in *ambushcade* lay.
20 Those *pits*, which they for ruine have *appointed*,
Inclos'd our *Souls delight*, *the Lords Anointed*;
Under whose *shadow* we shall live, we said,
Amongst the *Heathens*: thus are we dismay'd.
21 O *Edoms daughter*, now stretch out thy voyce,
Be glad; and for a time in *Uz* rejoyce:
This cup shall pass along to *thee*, thou shalt
Be *drunk* and *naked*, 'cause thou didst revolt.

Thy

Thy plagues expire, O *Sions daughters!* he 22
No more will lead thee to captivity:
But *Edom*, O lament, lift up thine eyes,
For Heav'n will visit thy iniquities.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

DIstracted Sion, *having spent her days*
In supine negligence, *stands in a maze,*
Not knowing what to do: *her wonted joys*
Yeeld torment, not contentment, seeming toys,
And childish trifles, *which perplex her more,*
Then thousand pleasures pleasur'd her before.
And now her alienated minde begins
To ruminate upon her former sins:
Her studious thoughts recount what precious time
She spent in folly: *weighing every crime*
In equal balance, *posing them aright,*
Findes them too heavy, and her self too light.
And like a frighted bird, *her winged minde*
Flies up and down, thinking some rest to finde
In sorrows *wilderness*: *But ah, who can*
Finde a lost Jewel in the Ocean!
Now we may see how her embraced folly
Is quite dissolved into melancholy.
And those lascivious hours, which she hath spent,
Seem like grim Marshals *giving punishment*

To an offending wretch: As in a dream,
The fancy makes each object seem extream;
And why? because the judgment which should guide
Th'unruly fancy, sleeping's laid aside:
The senses once lock'd up, the fancy may
Not only claim a priviledge to play,
But to delude, and represent those things
To meaneſt Subjects, which belong to Kings;
Which make the flatter'd Senses even dance,
And leap for joy, and striving to advance
Themselves, awake; and finding all's but vain,
Reason steps in, and makes them poor again.
Even thus was poor Jerus'lem *lul'd asleep*
With fancy-pleasing pleasure, which did keep
A rendevouze within her, lest that doubt
Should interpose, and put the fancy out
Of frame; And by a more diviner Art
Should breed a Meditation *in her heart.*
For when the wak'ned Senses once have gain'd
The upper hand, the fancy is restrain'd,
And curb'd by judgment; *Reason too survives*
Again, and claims her own Prerogatives:
The apprehension *with her new got pow'r*
Begins to taste and apprehend how sowre
Her sweets are grown: Ah then she cries! I see
I'm turn'd to nothing, being turn'd from thee,
My great Redeemer, I have quite exil'd
Thy mercies from my bosom, and revil'd
Thy just commands, *presuming oftentimes*
To urge, with my reiterated crimes,

Thy

Thy long-continued patience; and expreſt
No grief at all from my obdurate breſt.
My eyes were ſtill laborious to diſcover
New vanities; and like a heedleſſe lover,
Whoſe beauty-dazled eyes do only view
The Superficies, ſeeking not how true
The heart remaineth, but can fondly be
Content with beauties bare Epitomie.
And thus my raſh advent'ring Soul went on,
(Pleaſures admit no intermiſſion
To them whoſe hearts are envious to obtain
A pleaſant pleaſure, but a future pain:)
And ah, how quickly's yeelding fleſh and blood
Surpriz'd and conquer'd by a ſeeming good!
A Good that's good for nothing but t'invite
Fond Souls to ruine, and o'revail the light
Of real Truth: and with enforc'd deluſions
Makes them take pleaſure in their own confuſions.
Since then, my Soul, no pleaſures can be found
In this baſe Center; let thy thoughts rebound
From this faſtidious Orb; learn to advance
Thy ſelf above the frowns, the reach of chance:
And let th'extent of thy ambition be
Only to purchaſe an Eternitie
Of happineſſe, which ſhall perpetuate,
And make thee glorious in a glorious ſtate.
Divorce thy ſelf from thy unſum'd up faules,
Protract no time, but clarifie thy thoughts.
Command thy ſelf, and thou ſhalt be reputed
A moſt deſerving Victor: not confuted

By

By any, though their noble acts may claim
A true inheritance to a lasting Fame.
For he that gives himself an overthrow,
Conquers a Kingdom, and subdues a foe.
Then arm thy self, my Soul, *and strive t'out-dare*
Satans *attempts; be studious to prepare*
Thy self, and let thy adversary *see*
When he is strongest, th'art as strong as he.
Let not his vain delusions interpose
'Twixt thee and Heav'n: *O do not thou expose*
Thy self to wilful danger, but endevor
T'accost his actions; *but beleeve him never.*
Thou seest how poor Jerusalem *bewails*
Her sad disasters; how she stoops, and fails
Beneath the burthen of her grief, *and cries,*
O boundless grief! O vainest vanities!
O dream thou not of transitory things,
Which are unconstant, having secret wings
To fly away; and flying will confound
Thy better parts, and give thy Soul *a wound.*
Be wary then, and let thy thought concur
With Heav'ns commands, and so will be tranfer
His Kingdom to thee, full of lasting treasure,
Where nothing's greater then the smallest
pleasur

C

CHAP. V.

REmember, *Lord*, what's come upon us; see, 1
Ponder the greatness of our *infamy*.
Strangers inherit that which is our due, 2
Our *habitation*'s turn'd to *aliens* too.
For we are *Orphans*, and all fatherless, 3
Our *Mothers* are as *Widows* in distress.
We buy our *water*, (O unhappy fate!) 4
And purchase *fuel* at too dear a rate.
Our *necks* are persecuted and unblest, 5
And still we labor, but obtain no rest.
Unto the *Egyptians* we our hand have spread, 6
Desiring to be satisfied with *bread*.
Our buried *fathers* sin'd in former times, 7
And we have born the burthen of their *crimes*.
Servants have rul'd us, and there's none that *will* 8
Deliver us, but let them rule us still.
With peril of our *lives* we have obtain'd 9
Our bread, because the *sword* was unrestrain'd.
Our skins are black, like to an *oven*, and dry, 10
Because the *Famine* caus'd a *Tyranny*.
Sion and *Judah*'s *daughter* have been led 11
Away, and violently *ravished*.
Princes are hang'd up by the hands; the faces 12
Of *Elders* have no honor but disgraces.

They

13 They made the *young men* grinde; the *children*
Fainted beneath the burden of their *wood.* (*bl*
14 The *Elders* at their gates did not abide,
The *young mens* muſick too is layd aſide.
15 The joy is ceas'd which was our hearts relief,
Our *active dancing's* turn'd to *paſſive grief.*
16 The *crown* is fallen from our *head*[redacted] and wo,
Wo be to us that have offended ſo.
17 Our hearts are faint, and our ſuffuſed eyes
Are dim, becauſe of theſe calamities.
18 Becauſe that *Sions* mountain's deſolate,
The *foxes* walk thereon to recreate
19 Themſelves: But thou, O *Lord*, ſhalt ſit on *high*
Upon thy Throne, unto *Eternity.*
20 Wherefore doſt thou forſake *us*, and demure
Thy ſelf ſo long from *us*, that ſeem ſecure;
21 Turn thou, & we are turn'd; Lord we implore,
Renew our days, as thou haſt done before.
22 But thou haſt quite rejected us, and *thou*
Beholdſt thy ſervants with an angry brow.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

COmplaining, *what is that? will that relieve*
Impris'ned ſouls, *or teach them how to grieve?*
Tell me, ſad Soul, *can greater wants converſe*
With fleſh *and* blood? *nay, what more laſting curſe*
Can be entail'd on man, *then to complain*
To ſuch an ear as will not once retain

T

The leaſt expreſſion of a grief, *but cry,*
Let woe attend him to Eternity?
O diſmal ſentence! and if this be all,
'Twould grieve a man that e're he griev'd at all,
To be thus harſhly anſwer'd, and excluded
From hopes of mercy; *Be not thus deluded*
Deſparing Soul.

Jeruſalem, *'tis true, ſhe did complain;*
And was that all? O no, her tongue *did chain*
A prayer *to her* Petition, *and her* eyes
Were dayly trickling for her miſeries.
Where is that man, *that if he chance to be*
Deprived of his goods *by* robberie,
Will ſit complaining by himſelf, and try
No lawful meanes for a recovery
Of what he loſt? ſhould we not deem him mad,
To loſe that good, *which might be eaſily had,*
If ſought? This Proverb *calls it to myminde,*
He that will ſpare to ſeek, muſt ſpare to finde.
Even ſo, if Satan, *whoſe depriving power*
Shall take a watch'd advantage, and devour
The Manna *of our* Souls, *ſhall we then ſay,*
'Tis gone, 'tis gone, Satan *has ſtoln't away?*
And ah, can theſe, theſe naked words *recal*
A loſt eſtate? *O no, 'twill but enthral*
Our happineſs *the more, and make our* grief
The more extream, admitting no relief.
My Soul, *if* Satan e're *ſhall make attempt*
Upon thy weakneſs, *labʼring to exempt*

And

And win thee from thy self; go and make known
Thy cause to Heav'ns Judg-Advocate: betwixt
Thy self with tears; complain, confess, and pray:
God loves confession, but abhors delay.
Run, run unto him, that thou mayst prevent
The wrath and censure of his Parliament.
Go, go, for there thou shalt be sure to finde
Abundance link'd together in one minde.
There is no faction, no divisions there,
But all are setled in one hemisphere
Of true Opinion: There is none t'expect
A bribe; or else without a bribe neglect
To agitate thy business, or exact
Upon thy guiltless conscience, or enact
Their several humors: There is none to bring
Thy Soul in danger, 'cause th' art low'd thy King,
Thy heav'nly King, by whom thou shalt possess
A true and no excised happiness.
O endless joy! a joy that far transcends
The deepest thoughts; a joy that never ends.
Be ravish'd, O my Soul! and meditate
Upon Jerusalem: Let her sad state
Be as a caveat to thee; let her fall
Teach thee to stand: let her detested gall
Prove honey to thee; so mayst thou derive
Thy welfare from her sorrows, and survive
In everlasting bliss: Peace beyond measure
Shall crown thee with vicissitude of Pleasure.
Play well thy game, & so will Heav'n extend
His liberal grace, and bless thee in the End.

DIVINE

DIVINE MEDITATIONS.

MEditation we may fitly call
The *Souls Arithmetician*, summing all
Our *sins* together; Nay, and every day
Cyphers them up, and teaches us to pray;
Then let us meditate, and strive to do
What our *Arithmetician* leads us too.

He that will true examples *learn to give,*
First let him learn to dye, *and then* to live:
Prefer the surest first; *for* you *and* I
Uncertain are to live, *but sure* to dye.

MEDITAT. 1.

PElion is fallen upon *Ossa's* back,
The more I cry for *help*, the more I lack.

There's

There's none will look upon *me*, how I lie
In the *Charybdis* of perplexity.
Escaping *Scylla*, O I thought I'd been
Past danger, but Charybdis *was not seen.*

MEDITAT. 2.

I'm now be[illegible]hted, and obscur'd from light
My *day* of pleasure's turn'd into a night
Of *clouded sorrow*; Grief comes sailing on,
Steer'd by the hand of my *Rebellion.*
Heav'n stop his passage may he never rest
Within the harbor of my tender brest.

MEDITAT. 3.

What have *I* done? or what have *I* deserv'd,
That I am thus impriſon'd and reserv'd
For *death* and *sad destruction?* Nay, but why?
Why do I ask, what *I have done?* To dye,
To dye, 'tis too too little, could a worse,
A worse succeed, I have deserv'd the curse.

MEDITAT. 4.

I have displeased *Heav'n*, where shall I fly
To hide my self from his offended *eye?*
If *rocks*, or *caves*, could hide me from my *sin*
There, there I'd go, and hide my self within

The bowels of the *Earth*, till Heav'n should say,
The night of sin is gone, and now 'tis day.

MEDITAT. 5.

What if I storm'd *Heav'ns Paradise* with *pray'rs*,
And so besieg'd it with an *host* of tears?
What if I undermin'd and layd a train
To blow it up with sighs? 'twere but in vain:
To *storm*, *besiege*, all is but labour spent,
Except I could, as *David* did, *Repent*.

MEDITAT. 6.

Repent: O what a sound that word imports!
O how it penetrates! How many sorts
Of *Eccboes* answer it! Repent of all;
He that leaves one, repents of none at all.
He that will learn how to repent, and *when*,
First let him strive to be a David, *then*.

MEDITAT. 7.

And art thou still disquieted, my *Soul*?
Trust thou in *God*; in God, that doth controul
Both *Heav'n* & *Earth*: 'tis he, that must and shall
Be fear'd and honor'd yea and lov'd with all.
If he be can send *Jobs* torments, and his woe;
'Tis we must pray to have his patience too.

MEDITAT. 8.

Fain would I come before my *angry God*,
But that my *ſinfull years* ſtill fear the Rod,
Of his *Correction*, yet appear I muſt;
Sure, ſure he's *merciſull*, as well as *juſt*:
Cheer up *dejected Soul*, and thou ſhalt ſee
His mercy's greater then thy ſins can be.

MEDITAT. 9.

Can *Heav'n* forget himſelf, or can *he* ſay
That thing o're *night*, he cannot do next *day*?
Can *friends* forget their *children*, or deny
Their *deareſt blood*? or can a *mountain* fly?
Heav'n say's, he'l be a *Father* till the end:
Then he's a fool that doubts ſo true a friend.

MEDITAT. 10.

A *friend indeed*, but how can I expect
To purchaſe *friendſhip* by my own *neglect*?
For ah, how often hath *Heav'n* pleas'd to ſay,
Ye that are heavy loaden, come away,
And I will give you eaſe? Alas! but I
Thought ſin no burthen, neither thought to dye.

Me-

MEDITAT. 11.

But now I see the frailty of my mind;
I thought I was imprison'd, when confin'd
Only one hour to goodnesse; nay, that hour
I thought a year, until I had the power
To free my self; when freed, I had forgot
What goodnesse was, as though I heard it not.

MEDITAT. 12.

And should I strive to reckon up my *sins*,
How can he make an end, that still *begins*?
The sands upon the *Sea*, nay, and the hairs
Upon my *head*, are *Cyphers* in compare
Of my excessive *sins*, yet *Heav'n* can call
Me, as he did the spend thrift Prodigall.

MEDITAT. 13.

I know my *sins* are great, and do increase
Within my *Soul*, and disturb my *Peace*:
O what am I (*dear Heav'n*) I am thy *creature*,
My *sins* are great, but yet thy *mercy's* greater.
Pardon (*blest Heav'n*) forgive what I have done
Thou art my Father, own me as thy Son.

Meditat. 14.

It is a happineſs to ſcorn the *mirth*
Of this confuſed tranſitory *Earth*:
And *he* who is ambitious to create
A happineſs, muſt make the *world* his *hate*:
Then if ſelf-love appear, we know for what;
We love our ſelves in truly hating that.

Meditat. 15.

Life is the *lifes* preparative, and *Death*
The deprivation of unconſtant *breath*.
A well directed *life* ſhall always find
Society in *Death*; a glorious mind
Shall have a glorious, a celeſtial friend
To guard his glory to a glorious end.

Meditat. 16.

But can a mind, enammel'd with the *glory*
Of *Heav'n*, have *end*? or elſe is *Death a ſtory*?
Death is the end of *Life*, and yet we ſee
Life is deriv'd from *Death's* ſoveraignties.
'Tis quickly known, the *Death* of *Sin* muſt giv
The pure and Soul a priviledg to live.

Me

MEDITAT. 17.

Heaven is the *ſeat* of Happineſs, and *Hell*
The place of *fury*, where the *Furies* dwell.
Then mount my *Soul* upon the ſpreading *wings*
Of lofty *Faith*: fly towards the *King* of *Kings*:
Whileſt here thou ſhalt inhabit, learn to know,
That Heaven's too high for them that fly too low.

MEDITAT. 18.

I am but ſordid *Earth*, that's dayly plow'd
With *grief* and *care*; and ſorrows hourly crowd
Into my weak *dominions*, and remain
Like greedy *Tenants*, thirſting after gain.
My eyes are always open to behold
New woes, for I am form'd in ſorrows mould.

MEDITAT. 19.

I am a reeling *Pinnace*, and I ſail
From *Port* to *Port*; ſometimes a humble gale
Salutes my *ſpreading ſails*, and by and by
The *waves*, contemning my proſperity,
Spit in my *face*, being hurried by their *tydes*,
They ſeem to crawl into my ſweating ſides.

Meditat. 20.

I am a clouded *day*, I promise rain:
Sometimes I'm stormy, and then clear again;
Sometimes the *Sun of Peace* begins t'appear,
But cannot shine in sorrows *Hemisphere*:
Saddest of thoughts; needs must he be distrest
That finds inconstant weather in his breast.

Meditat. 21.

I am a *vapor*, having not the power
T'endure the fervor of one shining *hour*:
Vapors cannot withstand a *mid-dayes heat*;
Afflictions must be hot, where *sins* are great:
'Tis not unlike, a misty morning may
Oft-times prove Usher to a glorious day.

Meditat. 22.

I am a *trembling reed*, and every day
The *wind* and I are subject to a fray:
I'm bruis'd, and shall be broken, if some hand
Sustain me not, I shall forget to stand:
But stay my *Soul*, and hear Jehovah speak,
I vow, the bruised reed I will not break.

Me-

MEDITAT. 23.

I am but *earth*, corrupted with my deeds,
Which are but like unprofitable weeds;
My *soile* is rank and barren, and it bears
No grain at all, no not so much as *tears*: (how,
Wouldst thou increase (my Soul,) I'le teach thee
Sow but the seeds of Faith, God speeds the Plow.

MEDITAT. 24.

Despair not, when *affliction* plows the ground,
Doubt not *increases*, if the seed be sound:
Heav'n loves a *fruitfull harvest*, and his hand
Is alwayes *active* to manure the *Land*;
He takes the chiefest care, the greatest paine,
He crowns the work, tis we that reap the gaine.

MEDITAT. 25.

Man's like a *house*, whose outward beauty may
Yeild pleasure to the eye; If we survey
The inward *rooms*, there we may find enough
Of untrim'd *natures* slutish *houshold-stuffe*.
Wouldst thou be fair within (O man,) and neat,
Turn but thy inside out, thou'lt be compleat.

MEDITAT. 26.

Do greedy *Ravens* hunger? doe they cry
For *food?* and are they *fed?* and must not *I?*
I *beg*, I *crave*, and yet am hungry still;
I *pine*, I *starve*, and *Ravens* have their fill.
I know (*great God*) I have offended *thee*,
Because thou feed'st the Ravens, and not me.

MEDITAT. 27.

Do *Lillies* flourish? do they still remain
Neatly adorn'd? and yet they take no pain;
They neither *spin* nor *card*, they take no care,
And yet they'r cloth'd, and *I*, poor *I*, go bare.
I know (great God) I have offended thee,
Because thou cloth'st the Lillies, and not me.

MEDITAT. 28.

Why am I thus tormented with the *Rod*
Of my *afflictions?* Hath my angry *God*
Forgot his *creature?* Shall I never have
A little ease, but be *afflictions slave?*
Forbear, my *grumbling Soul*, cheer up, and be
Mindfull of him, and he'l remember thee.

MEDITAT. 29.

And why does *Heav'n* afflict me, but becauſe
He'l make me know *my ſelf*, and learn his *Laws*.
Then why am I diſquieted? If *he*
Intends my *good*, ſhall I prove *enemie*
Into *my ſelf*? My *Soul*, take care, be ſtill,
Unleſſe he turns that good into an ill.

MEDITAT. 30.

Then learn, *my ſoul*, when *Heav'n* afflicts to know
'Tis for thy *ſins* he does it, and to ſhow
The greatneſſe of his *mercy*, and to make
Thee love *affliction* for the *Afflictors* ſake.
Be *wiſe* and *provident*, and thou ſhalt ſee,
'Twas good for David, *'twill be good for thee.*

MEDITAT. 31.

If thou wilt learn, *my Soul*, how to endure
With patience, thy *afflictions*, be thou ſure,
That when the hand of angry *Heav'n* ſhall ſmite
Thou doſt not grumble like the *Iſraelite*.
If ever thou for patience, heav'n will teach thee
To bear affliction with a cheerfull brow.

Meditat. 32.

What though the *waves* of thy *afflictions* rise,
And rage abundandly? lift up thy *eyes*,
And cry to *Heav'n*, let patience calm thy mind
And know that purest *gold* must be refin'd,
And when *affliction* brings thee to the brink
Of death, remember Peter *did not sink.*

Meditat. 33.

When I consider how I have offended
My Souls dread *Soveraign*, and *vili-pended*
His gracious promises, I much admire
He casts me not into eternall fire:
But he in *mercy* makes me kisse his Rod,
Tells me, I am a creature, he a God.

Meditat. 34.

Consider well, *my Soul*, why hast thou breath
Since that the wages of thy *Sins* are *death?*
Thou hast deserv'd ten thousand times to dy
But that thy *GOD*, whose mercy doth deny
A *Simers death*, reprieves thee for a time,
To make thee know the greatnesse of thy crime.

Meditat. 35.

meditate my *Soul*, what *Heav'n* hath done
thee, that art his most *rebellious Son*;
hath prolong'd thy days, and striv'd to win
d draw thee from the lothsomnesse of *sin*.
mired patience! O indulgent care!
Mercy of Mercies! how can Heav'n forbear!

Meditat. 36.

ave *I* offended? and shall *I* despair?
h no, *I* dare not: Ah my *Soul*, forbear
harbor such a wickednesse; but know,
hen thy *sins* ebb, Gods *mercies* overflow:
s mercy is an *Ocean*, and thy prayer
Is w^t only wind can raise a tempest there.

Meditat. 37.

hen pray my *Soul*, and let thy *prayers* reveal
y bosome *sins*; O think not to conceal
rime from him that is the *God of Truth*,
d knows the *sum* of thy offending youth:
know my *Soul*, the more thou striv'st to find
Thy sins, the more one sin begets another.

Meditat. 38.

Can *Sin*, the Souls consuming *Viper*, lie,
And *lurk* secure, from *Heav'ns* all-seeing *eye*?
O no, 'tis vain to think so; though that we
Are muffl'd up with *sin*, yet *Heaven* can see.
O then confess *my Soul*, and thou shalt tread,
And trample on the Vipers poyson'ny head.

Meditat. 39.

But can *Confession* in it self obtain
An absolute *forgiveness*? Can we gain
Heaven by a *sigh*? O no, my *Soul* express
A perfect *sorrow*, when thou dost *confess*;
Then let resolved *Constancy* endure,
And thou, my Soul, shalt truly rest secure.

Meditat. 40.

Dost thou, my *Soul*, desire to be partaker
Of those celestial joys, wherewith thy *Maker*
Crowns those *endeavouring souls*, which *study* fit
To be obedient to his sacred Will?
Examine well the *Scriptures*, they will show
The ready way; *then practise how to go.*

MEDITAT. 41.

Let thy *innocent Meditations* be
serious and *fervent*, let *integritie*
Still wait upon *them*, which will still defend
And guard thy *actions* to a prosperous end:
Then shall thy labors have a peaceful rest;
Then dayly labor to be dayly blest.

MEDITAT. 42.

Oh have a *care* (my *Soul*) lest *malice* chance
To interpose it *self*, and so advance
Above thy *patience*, and disturb that peace
Which *might* have *blest* thee with a *large increase*.
Oh have a *care* this be no fault of thine!
Remember who hath said, Vengeance is mine.

MEDITAT. 43.

Dost thou desire, my *soul*, that *Heav'n* should say,
Thy *pardon's* seal'd, and I will blot away
Thy numerous *sins*; nay, and I will no more
Remember them, as I have done before? Live,
Then learn, my *Soul*, to know, whilst thou dost
He that will be forgiven, must forgive.

Meditat. 44.

If thou wouldst go to *Heav'n*, my Soul, go on
(Not as the *sluggard* of wise *Solomon*,)
Be not so timerous as he, to say,
There is a *Lyon* lurking in the way:
Go on with *courage*, let the way delight thee;
Then shall the Lyon grumble, and not bite thee.

Meditat. 45.

The *wise man* saith, that *sluggards* shall be clothed
With rags, and all his *actions* shall be loth'd;
And he that's willing to obtain a *prize*,
Must be laborious and have *watchful eyes*; (stir
(My drouzy Soul) make Heav'n thy prize, then
To out-run thy sins, and so thou shalt obtain.

Meditat. 46.

When on the Ladder *Jacob* did discry
The *Angels* in his dream, he saw them fly
Upwards and *downwards*, which was to express
How much they scorn'd and hated *idleness*:
Then learn, my *Soul*, how to ascend apace
From sin, to the perfection of grace.

MEDITAT. 47.

hat was the reason Peter wept? Nay, why
d he go out and weep so bitterly?
ould he not weep within, Did he not dare
fore the wicked to disburse a tear?
this example Peter makes it known,
Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.

MEDITAT. 48.

ast thou my Soul, with persecuting *Paul*,
vy'd the *Church?* Hast thou conspir'd her *fall?*
y then my *Soul* wilt thou despair? 'Tis true,
e *crime* is great, and *GOD* is gracious too.
ho may shine from *Heav'n*, and thou shalt be
With Paul converted from thy tyranny.

MEDITAT. 49.

ast thou, with thrice denying *Peter*, cry'd,
know him not, but stubbornly deny'd (crow,
e *Lord of Life?* what then? the *Cock* may
d may look back upon *thee*, and bestow
liberal blessings; Then my Soul deny
by sin with Peter, and weep bitterly.

Me-

MEDITAT. 50.

But was it not, *my Soul*, a sad disaster,
That *Peter* should so soon deny his *Master*,
For whose dear sake he'd lose his life? O wh
A sudden change is this, I know *him* not!
Nay more, as if he thought this would not
He binds it with an oath, forswears him too.

MEDITAT. 51.

What was the reason that the *Lions*, when
They entertained *Daniel* in their *Den*,
Did rather fear, then hunger? Nay, how can
Destroying *Lions* fawn upon a *man*?
My Soul, there was a *Lamb* that tam'd the *Li*
And made the Den prove Daniels *safest Sion.*

MEDITAT. 52.

Advise *my Soul*, and how could *Daniel* live,
Impris'ned in the *Den*, and none to give
Him dayly *food*? How could he rest at quiet
Without th'enjoyment of some *tender* diet?
When *Heav'n* commands his *Angels*, they shal
A Soul; (*my Soul*) *that Soul* can never need.

Meditat. 53.

'Twas *Faith* that guarded *Daniel* from the paws
Of dauntless *Lions*, whose imperious jaws
Were ty'd by *Heaven's appointment*, so that they
Forgot their *Tyranny*, and learn'd to play.
(My Soul) with *Daniel*, truly think upon
Thy God, and Faith shall be thy Champion.

Meditat. 54.

Did great *Goliah* fall? Could he not stand,
That was so strong, against so weak a hand?
Could not his *armour*, nor his *stirring power*
Maintain so mean a *Combate* half an houre?
Here, here (my Soul) observe, & thou shalt find
An armed body, but a naked mind.

Meditat. 55.

But how did stripling *David* dare to show
His *childish* face before so great a foe?
He had no *armour* on, nor *sword* to shield
His *body*, yet he *fought*, and won the *field*.
Here, here (my Soul) observe, & thou shalt find
A naked body, but an armed mind.

MEDITAT. 56.

Be sure (my Soul) when e're thou shalt begin
To *war* with the *Goliah* of thy *sin*,
Take *David's armour*, and thou shalt or'ethrow
Thy *sin* with a most *advantagious blow*.
Boast not too much, but with bold courage fight
The pebble-stones of Faith, fly always right.

MEDITAT. 57.

Faith is the arm of *safety*, which defends
The *Soul* from all *approaching harm*, and lends
A *sword* to fight with *Satan*, who may venter
To make a thrust or two, but cannot enter.
Gain thou this arm of Faith (my soul,) and then
Thou mayst out-dare a Lyon in his Den.

MEDITAT. 58.

Learn how to prize thy faith (my soul,) & know
She is thy only safety here below:
She is a trusty buckler to protect thee
From showres of evil, and to good direct thee.
Then rouze my *Soul*, and be not quite cast down
Repentance brings in Faith, and Faith a Crown.

Meditat. 59.

A Crown, that's only fitting to adorn
A Princes brow; and Subjects that are born
To an inferior fortune, must content
Themselves with that, which fortune freely lent
But ah my Soul! be wise, and understand,
A heavenly Crown's not made by humane hand.

Meditat. 60.

A glorious *Crown* of Glory shall attend
Attentive hearts; *my Soul*, I recommend
This *Crown* to thee: consider but the price
It cost, and then remember *Paradise*:
Remember whose dear blood did trickle down
Like tedious showres to purchase thee this Crown.

Meditat. 61.

O boundlesse *Love!* would such a *Lamb* as he
Dye for such wolf-like *sycophants* as we?
His *willing Soul* did even joy t'expresse
This introduction to our happinesse.
His blood gush'd out to wash us clean within?
He shed it for our sins, and yet we sin.

Meditat. 62.

Rouze up my *Soul*, and let thy *Eagle-eyes*
Behold that *Sun* in whom thy *safety* lies:
Look well upon *him* and thou shalt discover
A *Lamb-like Patience*, and a *constant Lover*.
Admire with how much Dove-like innocence
He suffer'd death for us that gave th'offence.

Meditat. 63.

Art thou not ravish'd yet, my *Soul?* then hear,
And I will recommend unto thy ear
The willing *Passion* of that *Lamb*, which cry'd
Eloi, Eloi, Eloi, and so dy'd:
And by the vertue of his dying deed,
Our blood was stop'd, when he began to bleed.

Meditat. 64.

Man, the unhappy off-spring of that *man*
Of *Sin*, at whose beginning we began
To fall from our first principles, and stray
From *good* to *bad*, digressing from the way
Of our assur'd *Salvation*, and exchange
A *world of pleasure* for a *world of pains*;
And by that Heaven-forbidden *taste*, reverst
The stroke of *mercy*, made us all accurst,

And

And hourly subject to his *wrath*, whose *power*
Created us, and made us little lower
Then Heav'n-bred *Angels*; til the sad *inventions*
Of *Satans* malice quickned the *intentions*
Of greedy *Eve*, whose hand soon recommended
That *fruit* which by the *Serpent* was extended,
To her beguiled *husband* whose neglect
Of Heav'ns Commands purchas'd a dull aspect
From his revengeful *brow*, which shin'd more
then glorius *Cinthia* in her greatest light. (bright
But ah, the cloud of *Adams* sin had made
A great eclipse: Poor *Adam* is betray'd
By his own *folly*, and condemn'd to crawl
Upon his *belly*, and gulp up the *gall*
Of his *transgressions*; Having thus offended,
He's thrown from *Paradise*, and *vili-pended*
By Heav'n: but all this while the *Serpent* sits
Ravish'd with laughter, tut'ring still his wits
To further *mischief*; having found successe
In his first *enterprize*, doubts nothing lesse
Then what he hopes for; having thus o'rthrown
The first man *Adam*, thinks that all's his own:
But that our *God*, whose all-cõmanding power
Can mortifie, and quicken in one hour,
Was fill'd with *pity*, pitied *man* whose state
He saw was miserably desperate;
Begun to view him with a gracious *eye*,
And invocases hIs sacred *Trinity*:
And thus proceeds.——

——— Have *I* made *man?* have I
Made wretched *man*, man made to glorifie
My *name*, and given to his thriftleſs hand
Preheminency both by Sea and Land?
And ſhall I not be honor'd? Am I not
A mindful *God?* And ſhall I be forgot
By ſlothful *man?* Have I not gave him *light*
In ſpight of *darkneſs*, and ſhall he requite
My favours thus? Nay more, have I not fram'd
And ſtamp'd him with my *Image*, & proclam'd
A laſting greatneſs to him? And ſhall *they*
Be thus obdurate now, that were but *clay*
Before I gave them *breath?* and ſhall that *breath*
Contemn, defie, and ſcorn me to the *death?*
Is this the *honor* which I did expect
From them? Is this the *duty?* this th'*effect*
Of all my *labors?* Speak my deareſt *Son*,
VVhat ſhall we do with *man* that hath undone
His wretched *ſelf?* My *fury* burns to be
Reveng'd on *man* for his *iniquity*.
Break forth my reſtleſs *fury*, and devour
That *loathed* thing call'd *man*, give him no *power*
To call me *Father*; whil'ſt abuſed *I*
VVill ſtop my *ears*, and ſcorn to hear him cry:
Be gone, enact my pleaſure.

The *Son* reply'd; Oh ſtop! Oh ſtay, my dear,
My deareſt *Father*! Let thy ſacred *ear*
Stand open but one minute, that poor *man*
May ſtrive to plead, and utter what he can

For

For his own self. Alas my *Son*, I know
The more he strives to speak, the more he'l show
His *guilt*; and ah! what answer can he make
To angry *I*, that am resolv'd to take
Speedy *revenge*? The more he strives to clear
Himself, the more he'l make his *guilt* appear,
Begone my *Fury*, run while thou art spent;
Away, away, and give my *passion* vent,
Vent it on *man*. My angry *Father* stay
A little longer, hear what I will say
In mans behalf: Oh, is not *man* thy creature?
His *sins* are not so great, but thou art greater
In *mercy*: Oh be mercifull, and let
(If nothing will) my *blood* discharge the debt:
I'le freely give it, may this Blood of mine
Extinguish quite those angry *flames* of thine.
Oh be appeas'd, and give me leave to strive
Against the power of *Satan*, and deprive
Him of his man-deluding power: I'le charm
His rav'ning *malice*, and withhold his *arm*
From hurting *man*: Nay, and I'le undergo
As many *sorrows*, as the world can show,
For *man* thy *Image*: Say the word, and I
Will go, nay run, for joy, that I must dye
For *mans Redemption*. Dearest *Son*, then go,
Redeem relapsed *man*, that he may owe
An endlesse debt. But say, my *Son*, should he,
For whom thou dy'st, revile, dishonour thee,
And trample in thy *precious blood*, and make
That *blood* prove *poyson* to him, that should take

The venom of his sins away? I'le strive,
The *Holy Ghost* reply'd, to make *man* thrive,
And grow in grace; I'le teach him to expresse
No feigned, but a real thankfulnesse.
O Soul-transporting *Joy!* O truest *Love*
Without a *period!* O innoxious *Dove!*
Could'st thou, *thou Lamb of God*, be thus content
To step from Heav'n, and take that punishment
Upon thy *patient self*, which appertain'd
To *Heaven provoking man*, man that was stain'd
And blur'd with sin, whose spots could never be
Wash'd out (*blest Lamb!*) by any but by thee?
Had'st *thou* not interpos'd, our Souls had bin
Inbowel'd in the *Ocean* of our *Sin*;
And hadst thou not sustain'd us, we had fell,
And swelter'd in the restless *flames* of Hell.
Hadst thou not look'd upon our sad *condition*,
And pitied us, to see what *expedition*
We made to our own *ruines*, we had lost
The *hopes* of our *Salvation*, which cost
An unknown price: 'Twas not a swelling *flood*
Of heap'd up *gold* redeem'd us, but thy *blood*,
Thy precious blood, which *flow'd* like hasty *rain*
In great abundance, from thy wounded *side*,
Start from the *bed of Sin* (my *Soul*,) and run
To view the *splendor* of this glorious *Sun*:
See how *he* wrastles with the *gloomy clouds*
Of our *transgressions*: See how *he* unshrouds
Himself: Oh see what pains he undergoes,
To prove himself our *friend*, that were his *foes*.

Me-

Methinks I hear a throng of people cry,
Let *Barabbas* be freed, let's crucifie
This *Jewish King*, let's lead him to his *death*,
'Tis pity he should draw a minutes *breath*.
Methinks I see how his weak *hands* are bound
With twisted *cords*: Methinks I see *him* crown'd
With sharpned *thorns*: Methinks I see them how
They worship *him* with a dissembled *bow*.
Methinks I see the *gazing people* run
To see the *glorious setting* of this *Sun*.
Methinks I see his *gentle feet* divide
Their measur'd paces to be crucifi'd
Methinks I see how his delightfull *face*
Seems to receive an *honor* by *disgrace*.
Methinks I see how his Heav'n-fixed eyes
Do overlook his raging *enemies*.
Methinks I see his *spear-inviting breast*
Willingly ready to receive the rest
Of their intended *malice*: How his *palms*
(Like one that gives, and not receives an alms)
Are spread abroad, which truly verifies
With what a chearful willingneſſe he dyes.
Methinks I see how his connexed feet
Salute the *Crosse*, as if they joy'd to meet
With so, so fast a *friend*. Methinks I see
With what a Heav'n-infus'd *reluctancie*
He entertains their blows, as if he found
A *lovely comfort* in each *deadly wound*.
Methinks I see his bubling *veins*, how they
Swell up a little, and then shrink away,

And hide themselves, as if they had expreſt
(For the departure of ſo warm a gueſt)
A ſecret *grief*, ſtill conquering *death* exil'd
Life from the *body* of that *Lamb*, that *Child*,
That *Son of God*, in whom true *joys* reſide;
Who lives by dying, and by living dy'd.

Quis miſerior quàm qui ſuam neſcit miſeriam?

DO I not dayly ſee that nothing can
Be ſo unſtable as the *ſtate of man?*
Do I not ſee how *fortune* can correct
Miſfortune; and as ſuddenly neglect (crown
Poor helpleſs *man*? Sometimes his thoughts
With golden joys, & ſomtimes kiſs the grou
Somtimes he's fil'd with *laughter*, *ſomtimes* wee
Somtimes he walks in ſtate, & ſomtimes cree
A morning joy proves ſometimes grief at nigh
For fortunes dyal goes not always right.
'Tis vain, 'tis vain; and ah that I could weep
My ſelf into a deluge, and ſo ſteep
My cheeks in tears: Oh that I could imbark
My naked *Soul*, and ſwim like *Noah's* Ark
In that grand *Ocean*, which my flowing eyes
Have made, and overlook my miſeries!

Diſtemp'r

Distemp'red *thoughts*, why do you thus torment
My yeilding *Soul*? why does my *Soul* relent?
Why am I thus afflicted? why doth *sorrow*
Take an advantage of my *Soul*, and borrow
Quotidian plagues, and study how to make
My heart its *Theater*? How shall I shake
These coupling *fetters* from my captiv'd *heart*?
How shall I bid adue to *grief*, and part?
Where shall I run, and labor to insnare
My breasts inhabitant? Oh how, or where
Shall I retire my self! In what sad *place*
Shall I deplore my miserable *case*?
Could I but find a place where I might dwell,
And only see the *Sun*, I'd bid farewel
To all *false pleasures*.

For now my *Soul* still hovers to and fro
From place to place: sometimes it flies too low;
Sometimes, with more aspiring *wings*, it flies,
And envies at *impossibilities*:
Then back again, and with a seeming *mirth*
Surveys the *center* of this flattering *Earth*,
And thus my *Soul*, being left in this sad *being*,
Agrees in nothing else but *disagreeing*:
My *ways* are pav'd with *thorns*; I take my *diet*
From *sorrows table*, furnish'd with *disquiet*:
I am the principle of *grief*; my *eyes*,
Like windows, open to all *miseries*:
My *head*'s a fountain, & from thence doth flow
The headlong rivers of unbridled *woe*.

My sighs like sudden storms, disturb my rest,
As if I had a Fever in my breast.
Needs must I be molested in my dreams,
My heart's the receptacle of all Extreams:
Then blame me not, if sorrow makes me cry;
Sum all misfortune up, and that am I.
But stay my thoughts; post not away too fast
Extreams are dangerous, and cannot last.
A sudden thought hath made me to confesse,
I may be happy in unhappinesse.
And what's a thought? 'tis but a sudden puff:
Yet many may confound, when one's enough.
Come let's repose, and make a little stay,
Our Sun's sufficient to adorn a day.
Why should I wander in the darksome shades
Of my own errors, whileft a grief invades
My naked senses? 'Tis in vain to strive
Against the power of God, who can contrive
What pleases him: Why shall I then repine
At what he sends? Can wretched I confine
His will to mine? Oh no; He suffers well,
Whose sufferings tell him, ther's no other Hell
But in this world: Who would not then endure
Terrestiall torment, that he may procure
Celestial pleasures? Sorrow brings no losse
To him whose patience can sustain a crosse.
Hereafter I will labour to prevent
A little Sorrow, by a great content.

Surgit post nubila Phœbus.

after a storm comes a Calm.

When *gloomy clouds* surround the *lofty skie.*
It is an argument a *storm* is nigh:
But when the *Sun's* eclipsed from our sight,
We must not judg an *everlasting night.*
Will then ensue: 'Tis danger to distrust
God that is so *merciful*, so *just.*
The greatest *sin* that *Satan* can declare
Against a *guilty Soul*, is *sad despair.*
What though the *clouds of Earth* shall interpose
Betwixt a *Soul* and *Heaven?* the wind blows
Not always in one place; one *happy hour*
May breed a *calm*, and qualifie a *showre.*
Some greedy *Lawyers*, when their *Clyents stock*
Is almost spent, rewards him with a *suit*:
The *Counsellor of Heaven* gives more content
To a poor *sinner*, when his *breath* is spent:
Accepts the *will*, although his *tongue* be mute;
He seldom keeps him seven years in a *suite*:
He's free in *mercy*, and he takes delight
To end a *suite*, when *sorrow* makes it right.
He is not like to them that take a pride
In others *griefs*: when *tears* begin to slide,
His *mercy* falls; he cannot brook delay,
But meets a *sinners tongue* half the way.
His *ears* are always open to let in
The *sinners prayers*, when he lets out his *sin.*

What

What tho I have transgrest, what tho my crim
Apppear like *mountains!* monntains oftentim
Sink lower; nay, and God can pardon all
As well as one: for be they *great* or *small*,
They all are *sins*: *shrubs* grow as well as *trees*;
Gods mercy will admit of no *degrees*.
He that distrusts his *God*, shall always find
A *clouded conscience*, and a *stormy mind*.
Seven days had run, before God had attyr'd
The *World* with *order*, yet he was not tyr'd:
And shall we then expect to climb so high
As *Heav'n* in half an hour, or else deny
So blest a labour? No, *perhaps to day*
We keep the Road, to morrow lose the way.

Contenta vita est summa felicitas.

Content is the chiefest good

WHat is this *world*? A looking-glass, wher
We see the *body*, nay the *face* of *Sin*.
What's *Wealth*? what's *Honor*? Transitory toy
Whats *Mirth*? what's *Pleasure*? Melancholy joy
Honor is *Envy's* object; *Riches*, they
Are but the *subjects* of a *frowning day*.
Beauty's a slave to *Time*, and fond *delight*
Teaches the *morning* how to fool the *night*.

We

Were I a *Midas*, could my *towers* of *wealth*
Protect my *person*, or preserve my *health*?
Were I a *Cesar*, could my *honors* save
My crazy *carcass* from the gaping *grave*?
Were I as fair as *Venus*, could my *beauty*
Acquit me from that necessary duty
I owe to *change*? If, so, I'd honor *pleasure*,
And hug my *honor*, and rejoyce in *treasure*?
If I had *riches*, they might make me fly
Upon the wings of *prodigality*.
If I had *honor*, that might make me dance
Ambition a *Corranto*, and advance
My self above my self: If *beauty* were
In my command, then might I chance t'infnare
The wantons of the *world*; nay, and intice
Vertue to change it self into a *vice*. (*Lights*
Now tell me *Earth*, where are those *smooth days*
Thou often boasts of? are thy *golden nights*
Chang'd into *leaden dayes*? Oh tell me then!
Why dost thou so befool the *sons of men*?
Who, following thee, consume their precious
And are at last rewarded with a *crime*. (*time*
Content, that well advised word imports
A *crown of happinesse*: All joy resorts
To the *palace* of a blest *content*,
And there resides.
Content is golden-ey'd, and can behold
Dunghill with as much respect as *gold*.
Content's a Jewel; but here lies the art,
Which way to hang it in a *restlesse heart*.

Much

Much have I heard of that *rich stone*, which all
Are pleas'd to entitle, *Philosophical*;
And *Fame* reports, that many *wits* have try'd,
T' obtain it, and before obtain'd it, dy'd,
And lost their *eager hopes*; nay, what is worse,
Left a rich *study*, but a poorer *purse*:
And to conclude, *experience* made it known,
Had they not lost Content, they'd found the Stone.

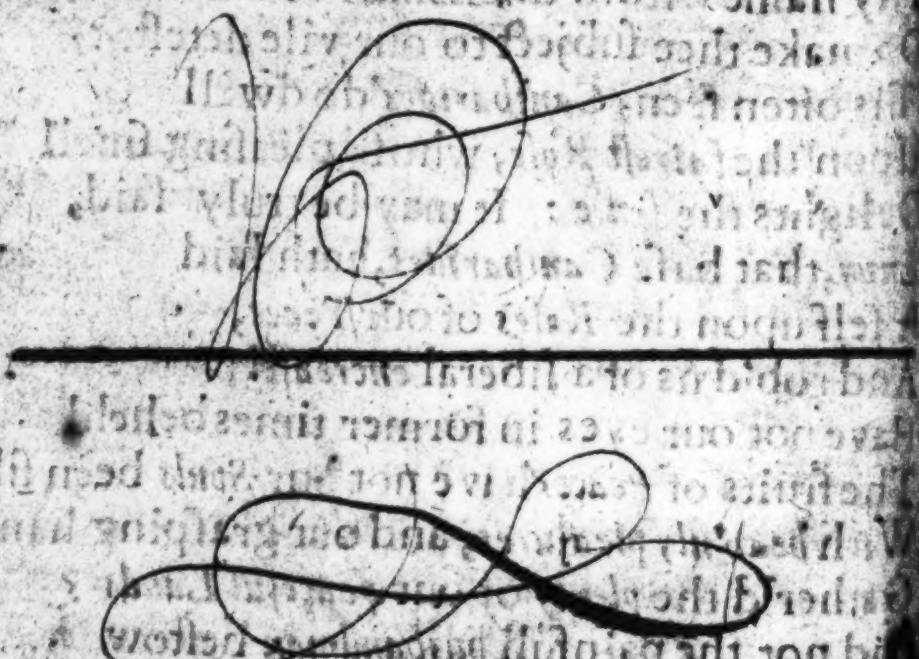
Pax una triumpha est.

PEace is the life of *Happiness*, and *Strife*
A living *Death* unto a dying *Life*:
Envy's the *child* of *Strife*, and pregnant *Peace*
Is an indulgent *Mother*, whose encrease
Adorns the Earth: *Peace* is a *Turtle Dove*,
Compos'd of nothing but the *purest Love*.
What's *martial triumph*, but a little blaze,
Which now aspires, and by and by decays?
What *triumph* is't, to see the *shivered bones*
Of *breathless men*, and hear th' *impetuous groans*
Of those whose *feeble tongues* invite a *death*
To dispossess them of their *loathed breath*?
Sad are th' effects of *War*, and yet this age
Esteems not *Peace*, but lets *Contention* rage
Into a *madness*: Oh unhappy *States*,
Where *strife*'s desir'd too soon, & *Peace* too late!

Soul

Soul-calming *Peace*, and heart-corroding *Strife*
Live here like *Factors*, both for *death* and *life*.
'Tis a sacred *Jubilee*, to hear
Soft-breathing *Peace*, chanting in every ear
Rarest strains of *Heav'nly ravishing rapture*, which expres
Full *Diapasons* of our *happiness*:
But 'tis a *dying life* to see, that *bliss*
Should, by a *hellish metamorphosis*,
Be thus transhap'd to *Strife*: There's no *prevention*
Abused *Peace* perverts into *contention*.
And can the *Diamond* of *Amity*,
If once dissevered in pieces, be
Compos'd again? *Experience* makes us find,
'Tis quickly broken, but not quickly joyn'd.
Oh *Peace*! Can we expect thy blest return,
If we, whose flaming envies dayly burn
Thy name within the *Ætna's* of our breasts,
Do make thee subject to our vile detests?
'Tis often seen, *Cantharides* do dwell
Upon the *fairest Rose*, whose pleasing smell
Delights the *sense*: It may be truly said,
Envy, that base *Cantharides*, hath laid
It self upon the *Roses* of our *Peace*,
And rob'd us of a liberal *encrease*.
Have not our eyes in former times beheld
The fruits of *Peace*? have not our *Souls* been fil'd
With *heav'nly pleasures*, and our grasping hands
Gather'd the *plenty* of our *peaceful Lands*?
Did not the painfull *husbandman* bestow
His *labors* with a *cheerful brow*, and sow

The *often-furrowed earth?* But now, ah now,
Intruding *Mars* molests the active *plough!*
And have not we by sad *experience* found
Contention; *Mars* plows *bodies*, & not *ground?*
O miserable *tillage!* This will bring
A bloody *Harvest*, and as bad a *Spring.*
See smiling *Bacchus*, with his brim-fill'd *bowls*,
Would tempt us to carouze away our *Souls.*
Mars with a palled look proclaims an end
To all our pastimes: *Sorrow* knows no friend.
Mars thunders, *Bacchus* smiles, and *Cupid* cries,
Envy survives, *Truth* pines, and *Friendship* dies.
Peace flies her *Country*, and with *discontent*
Bemoans our *sorrows*, and her *banishment.*
And thus we tumble in our own *confusion*;
A bad beginning finds a bad conclusion.



A DISCOURSE between the SOUL, and WORLD.

Wo. HOw now sad *Soul*; from whence proceeds
Which still *eclipse* my *Fancy* thus, & shrouds
Thy *splendent glory*? what *contentious Fate*
Hath bred *disturbance* in thy *quiet State*?
Tell me, come tell me, that my *studious care*
May be imploy'd to serve thee: Why; or where
Art thou oppreſt? Come, never fear to tell
Thy *grief* to me, thou know'ſt I love thee well.

So. Oh I am ſick, canſt thou be my *Phyſician*?

Wo. I can, ſick *Soul*: Come tell me thy *condition*.

So. Draw nearer then, for ah my *ſpirits* faint;
I'm ſick becauſe I know not what I ail.

Wo. If thou art ſick, and canſt not find thy *grief*,
How canſt thou be a *ſuitor* to *relief*?

So. Were it a ſingle ſorrow that oppreſt
My *wearied mind*, 'twere eaſily expreſt;

But when *pluralities* shall circumvent
A troubled *mind*, how can that *mind* have vent?
Come, leave these *vain exordiums*, let my ear
Be hasten'd by *discourse*, I long to hear;
Conceal not that, which if reveal'd may bring
A remedy: Come, tell me what's the thing
That thus corrodes thy *breast*; 'tis I alone
Must give thy heart *refreshment*, or else none.
Alas fond *World*! how justly may I stile
Thy help a hindrance, thy *treasures* vile!
What answer shall I now retort, that may
Expressly satisfie? I cannot say
What I desire; for when I strive to speak,
My *passion* grows too strong, my *tongue* too weak:
My numerous *pains* infatuate my *wit*.
Pish, this is but a *melancholy fit*:
Clear up thy clouded *thoughts*, such *fits* as these
Are incident to all; learn to appease
Thy instigating *passion*, and advise
With me; I'le make thee well, I'le make thee wise:
My bounteous *treasure* shall increase thy *store*
With great abundance; Come, let's have no more
Of these thy *petulant discourses*, be
Prescrib'd by none (*dear Soul*) except by me:
I'le cure thy pain. *Soul* Fond *World*, forbear
To urge my *resolution*, or insnare
My yeelding spirits; let thy language be
Reserv'd for them that will be fool'd by thee:
Thy *elevating joyes*, which did before
Inrich my *vacant senses*, make them poor:

nd now I find the *greatest plague* that can
oncomitate poor *miserable man*,
to be happy. *Wor.* That's a *paradox*,
happineſſe a *crime?*
Miſtake me not, raſh fool, for my *preſence* *S.*
good, if not corrupted by the *ſenſe*
ou take it in: For tell me, what canſt thou
inuating wretch vouchſafe t'allow,
hat will perpetuate? haſt thou the power
'aſſure a *happineſſe* for one half hour?
ſo, I will obſequiouſly confine
y ſelf to thy *directions*, and be thine. *Wo*
tell thee *Soul*, thy *fancy* thus diſturb'd
ill ruinate thy *ſenſes*, if not curb'd.
onvince thy ſelf, and be not thus averſe
o *Reaſon*; after *folly* comes a *curſe*.
But what is this to my *demands*? I ſee *S.*
hou low'ſt to hear thy ſelf declare, not me.
nſwer to my *objections*, then Ile reſt,
quiet *Soul*, in a reſolved *breſt*.
Oh that I were ſo bleſt to know the ſtate *Wo*
f thy condition. *Soul.* Wilt thou ſtill deviate,
nd ramble from thy text? *Wor.* Believe't dear
her is no friend more ſtrongly can condole *Soul*
hy weakneſſe, then my ſelf; I ſympathize,
nd truly grieve for thy *infirmities*:
itneſs theſe falling *tears*; Oh, may't be known
ick *Soul*, I weep thy *ſorrows*, not mine own:
orrow forbids my gentle lips to ſmile;
or ah I am: *Soul*, a wofull *crocodile*:

I, I, a grosse Exile, *War*: For thy sake
Ile suffer *thousand griefs*, and undertake
Ten thousand more, that I at last may prove
How much I've merited thy truest love.

S. What voyce is this that penetrates my ear?
What do I hear, or do I seem to hear?
Or is't a *dream*? *War*: No, no, (blest *Soul*)
'Tis I that suffer these *extreams* for you. (true
Reserve thy tears: Alas! I did but try

S. Thy *love*, and now I find th'art *Constancy*
It self: But tell me *World*, wilt thou content
My greedy mind with *wealth*? when that is
Will't give me more? & when that more is
VVilt thou be sure to heap one bag upon
Another? VVilt thou make me to out-vy
The sons of men in *prodigality*?
Dost hear me VVorld? *War*: I do, & I am
Oppress, because thou canst not ask no more
Honour, *Wealth*, *Dignities*, and all shall stand,
Like *subjects* proud, to kiss their *Princes* hand.
I'le hug thee in mine arms, and thou shalt
In *gold surrounded beds*; whil'st others weep
At *fortunes gates*, upon their *bended knees*.
Thou, thou shalt sit and read *sad Elegies*,
Imprinted on their *meagre cheeks*; I, I,
These are true *symptomes* of *Eternity*.
What, melancholy yet? cannot these *charms*
Induce thee to my *Soul-inviting arms*? (
Speak *Soul*, are these not joys? are these not
To be *imbrac'd*? speak, are not these rare

Base *World*, th'art truly base; now I perceive S.
Thy lab'ring *policy* is to deceive.
What, didst thou think my *heart* began to doze,
When I, to make a *concord*, chang'd my *note*?
Oh no, *vile varlet*; no, I did but try
Thy *craft*, by learning what thou would'st reply
To my *demands*: Divinest language could
Move no *reply*, when baser language would:
But now thou *nothing*, made of nothing, know,
Th'ast lost a *friend* by me, and found a foe.
Here I declare my self, and do protest
Before *just Heav'n*, that whilest I live possest
Of *vital breath*, I will employ my *heart*
T'oppose thy *flatt'ring folly*; for thou art
A perjur'd *Traytor* to the *Souls* divine
And sacred *Majesty*, and wilt incline
Thy *ears* to nothing but to *antick tricks*,
And call'st *divine thoughts*, *melancholly fits*.
And so fare wel, false *Traytor*; now 'tis known,
The more we are thine, the less we are our own.
And is this all? *Sou.* 'Tis all. *Wor.* Then *soul adue*, W.
Oh may I ne'r prove false, till thou prov'st true. S.

A DISCOURSE between the SOUL and FAITH.

So *Faith*, can thy hand protect me? can thy art
Prescribe a *cordial* for a fainting heart?
Hast thou the skill to settle my *belief*,
And arm my *Soul* against the *darts of grief*?

Fa I have the *Art* (sad *Soul*,) hadst thou the *power*
T'imbrace *belief*, to bring thee to the *Bower*,
The *fragrant Bower* of *pleasure*, which shall be
Perfum'd and deckt with blest *Eternitie*.

So I do believe, and my *belief* torments
My *mind* with millions of sad *discontents*.
I do believe what ever *Heav'n* devis'd,
Then judg, oh judg, how am I *Tantaliz'd*!

Fa Oh know (mistaking *Soul*) such *faith* we call
By the sad name of *Diabolical*.

So Oh strange, oh sad, oh miserable *case*!
Has *Faith* rob'd *Janus* of his double face?
Doth not the *sacred Volumn* end this strife,
And bids *believe*, and have *eternal life*?

Fa Th'*eternal tenants* of th'*infernal lake*,
Believe and tremble too, but can partake

O

Of nothing but their *torments*, and obtain
Nothing, except th'*enlargement* of their *pain*.
How comes it then to pass, if they believe, So
They're not rewarded, but must always grieve
In *utter darkness*? Is their *faith* so strong
T'*acknowledg God*, & yet they know him *wrong*?
They *acknowledg God* in *Justice*, but have run Fa
Beyond *his mercy*, and despis'd his *Son*;
Their *faith* prevails but only to inthrall
Their *Souls*, because 'tis not *salvifical*.
But tell me *Faith*, how may I learn to know, So
Whether thou art *salvifical* or no?
Examine well thy self, then go and pry Fa
Into the sacred *Scriptures*; let thine eye
Peruse with *diligence*, and let thy *prayrs*
Sail towards the *port* of *Heav'n* in *swelling tears*
Then thou wilt find, how *dearly God* will own
A *Soul* that sings a *penitential tone*.
But when I strive and struggle to express So
My self in *prayer*, I find a *dubiousness*.
It is a happiness oft-times to doubt, Fa
A *Happiness*;----

How oft did *David* (Gods delight) cry out,
My God, my *glorious God*, oh why, oh why,
Hast *thou* forsaken me, and dost deny
The spreading *splendor* wch was wont to shine
And glimmer on this doubtful *Soul* of mine?
Be serious, *Soul*, and let thy *thoughts* reflect
On *Gods indulgency*, and thy *neglect*.

How

How often hath he with his dewy *locks*
Attended thee, and with redoubled *knocks*
Desir'd, nay beg'd an *entrance*, to impart
Love-sick *expressions* to thy wilful *heart*?
And *ah!* how willingly hath he delated
His *dear affections* to thee, and not hated
To call thee his own *Image*, nay his *Dove*?
(*Oh streaming Fountain of Eternall Love!*)
How hath he lab'red, with a *watchful eye*?
To woo thee to his *blest Eternity*?

S. But tell me then, if I am thus, thus dear
Unto *my GOD*, why will *my GOD* not hear
My *morning sorrows*, and my *midnight moans*,
And stop the *revolutions* of my *groans*;
But let my poor *Astræa* fly in vain
To his high *Altar*, and return again
Unanswer'd? Ah, what *over-awing Rod*
Smarts like the *silence* of an *angry GOD*?

F. (Distemper'd *Soul*) oh do not thou become
(Because thy *GOD* seems deaf unto thee) dumb;
Reverberate the *portals* of his *ears*
With thy *complaints*, and let thy *vocal tears*
Invite an *audience*; urge him by the force
Of his own language, *Heav'n* cannot divorce
Himself from his own words; oh, let him know
Thou hast his *sacred Promises* to show (*Earth*
For what thou dost; Tell him, that *Heav'n* and
Shall pass away, but the delightful *birth*
Of his *pathetical expressions* shall
Be *heirs* unto *Eternity*; go call

Himself

Himself to witnesse for himself; be bold
To tell him to his face, thou hast laid hold
Upon his *promises*; tell him thou art
A *whole*, a *broken*, and a *contrite heart*:
Tell him th'art heavy loaden, and oppress,
And crav'st *enjoyment* of a *happy rest*:
What though thy *querelous desires* at first
Seem to be frivolous, and slightly nurst?
Distract not thou, but be progressive still,
And not too *retrograte*, but let thy will
Attend his *pleasure*; is't not fit that he
Should be attended, that attended thee?
What if he still denies? thou art but paid
With that dull *Coin* which thine own *sins* have made
Hath he not waited at the *brazen wals*
Of thy *regardlesse breast*, us'd many *calls*,
Nay many thousands, and hath dayly knock'd
And found the *nursery* of thy ears still lock'd?
And bar'd against him? 'Twas enough to turn
Patience into an *Extasie*, and burn
The strongest *Resolution*, and incite
Vengeance to make an *everlasting night*.
Oh think on this (*blest Soul*) and be content,
Good actions seldome want a good event.

Solomon Valeo.

Another

Another

DISCOURSE

Between the

SOUL AND FAITH.

S. I'M *full*, and yet seem *empty*, I have store
Of *Earth's delectables*, and I'm poor;
I have what e're my rav'nous *thoughts* require,
And yet I want in having my *desire*;
I eat delicious *food*, drink sparkling *wine*,
Enjoy my *self*, and yet I am not mine;
I am the *worlds delights*, I am the *child*
Of pregnant *fortune*, yet I am revil'd:
And what externall *happinesse* can be
Thought worth *imbracement*, is imbrac'd by me.
Since all these *joyes* are heap'd upon my back,
I fain would know what 'tis I seem to lack.

Fa Thy wants are soon expreſt (*dull Soul*) I know
Who wants my *helpful hand*, wants *power* to go.
Oh what an eaſie matter tis to find
A *ſtuff'd-up body*, and an *empty mind*!
Grief reſts within the *centre* of that *breſt*,
That knows not what is *worſt*, nor what is *beſt*:
But ſtill looks downwards on this *dunghil earth*,
That alienates the *Soul*, and breeds a *dearth*
Within

Within that sacred *Essence*, that divine
And glorious *Monarchy*: who can define
Th'inchanting *Raptures*, and th'emperious *joys*
Of sublimated *Heav'n*, that toyls for *toyes*?
Thou sayst th'art *full*, yet *empty*: thou hast store
Of *Earths delectables*, and yet art poor:
'Tis true th'art *full*; but tell me whence proceeds
That *fulnesse*, say, what *charitable deeds*
Hast thou perform'd; oh learn (*frail Soul*) t'ex-
So great a fulnesse breeds an emptinesse. (presse
Experience tels thee, there is nothing worse
Then *slighted mercy* turn'd into a *curse*. (quires
Thou say'st, th'enjoy'st what e're thy *mind* re-
And yet thou wantst in having thy *desires*;
Thou eat'st thou drink'st, and hast the *world* con-
To be her *darling*, yet art not content (sent
'Tis true, he wants, whose *fulnesse* wants *desire*
To want that *fulnesse* which his *wants* require:
What though the *world* accumulates *increase*?
There's no *content*, when *Heav'n* denies a *Peace*.
If Heav'ns blest mouth proclam'd *no peace should*
unto the wicked; what's become of me, (be
Who alway liv'd to *sin*, and sin'd to dye!
O miserable, miserable I!

'Tis true, *GOD* will not suffer *Peace* t'arise
Unto the *wicked*, yet that *GOD* denies
A *Sinners death*, and by a free *consent*
Promis'd a *pardon*, with this word, *Repent*:
'Tis a perfisting *Sinner* must expect
A sad *reward*, for a perform'd *neglect*.

Then

So. Then what must I expect? have I not run
(Even from the *rising*, to the *setting Sun*)
In paths of *negligence*, and still persisted,
And rather back'd a *sinner*, then resisted
The power of *sin*? Oh how can I obtain,
Or *thoughts*, or *hopes* to be reclaim'd again?
The *womb* of *Heav'n* did never yet divide
Fa. His *language* thus: My *Soul* shall not abide
A *penitent offender*; no, his *breath*
Speaks better things, then the lamented *death*
Of those, who though they have in *former time*
Been permanent in their unbosom'd *crimes*;
Yet when the *sense* of their *transgression* brings
Abundant *sorrow*, then *Jehovah* sings
Rare *strains* of *mercy* to their *Souls*, and pours
His *endless mercy* down in liberal *showres*.
And is our *GOD* so *merciful*, so *just*
So. To lep'rous *Souls*? and shall not my *Soul* trust
In such a never-failing *GOD*? Shall I
Retort a *no*, when *he* proclaims an *I*?
Oh no, Ile take what he shall give, & then (*my*
When *Heav'n* proclaims, my *tongue* shall say *Amen*
For 'tis thy *Christ*, thy *love*, thy *Son* must *ease*
Fa. *Follow me Soul, Ile lead thee to thy Jesus.*

Penetra-

Penetrant Suſpiria Cœlum.

ARE *ſighs* ſo prevalent, that they can be
Admitted to the *ears* of *Majeſtie*?
Is *Heav'n* ſo weak, or *ſighs* ſo ſtrong, that they
Can make an *on-ſet*, and enforce their *way*
Unto the *ears* of *GOD*? Can *ſighs* perſwade
That *Lamb* to *mercy*, that our *ſins* betray'd?
Can roaring *Lions* meet, and can they part
Without a *combate*? Can a *lep'rous heart*
Meet *God*, & think t'out-brave him in his *Sion*?
(Our ſins are *Lions*, yet our *God's* a *Lion*.)
And what's a *ſigh*? 'tis but a blaſt of wind
Blown from the *center* of a *ſtormy mind*:
And can the *ayr* of one poor *ſigh* aſpire
So high as *Heaven*? ——

—— Ah, *ſighs* can never tire
In ſuch a *progreſs*; though they be but *ayr*,
Yet they condenſe within the ſacred ear
Of *nurſing Majeſty*, who hears the ſound
Of wel-ſpent *groans*, & takes them at the bound
Sighs are like *morning Larks*; ſometimes they fly
And chatter *praiſes* to the *bluſhing ſkie*.
Then *wearied* with their *flights*, dart *down amain*,
Longing to repoſſeſs the *earth* again.
So *ſighs* (the Souls beſt *orators*) fly
To the *Interpreter* of *groans*, who'le not deny

To hear the *hearts embassage*, but delights
To see *souls* wingd with *sighs* to take such flight
But, when our *hearts* are loaded with the *ear*
Of this *vile earth*, and sigh themselves to *tears*,
Oh then he stops his *ears*, & makes them kno
Their *sighs* are earthly, and they fly too lo
Nor can they reach the *suburbs* of his *ear*,
Unlesse they mount into a *higher sphear*.
Then let thy well-directed *sighs*, my *Soul*,
Mount upwards still, that then they may condu
Thy *evening sorrow*, and thy *morning grief*:
Then they'l (like *Doves*) return, and bring t
Unto thy *floating heart*, and thou shalt find
The *operations* of a *sigh*: thy *mind*
Shall purge it self; thrice happy's thy *condit*
Sighs are good Physick, when Heav'n is Physi

Roganti dabitur.

Who would not be a *begger*, that may cr
Upon such easie terms, but *ask*, & *ha*
Here's *swelling bounty*, and sure this must be
No *humane*, but a *divine charitie*:
Here well-instructed *Poverty* may live,
He that gives power to ask, hath power to give.
The *greatest gift* that ever yet was known,
Was freely given, being ask'd by none:

And *he* that gave't hath many gifts in store;
(Many give once, because they'l give no more.)
But *he* who gave that *gift*, will not refrain
(If wisely ask'd) to give *up gifts* again.
And if a heart-recording gift we make
Of this, his giving teaches us to take.
Be it ordain'd, that *begging* be an *art*,
Heav'n loves a *giving hand*, a *begging heart*.
But let us rest a little; here's the *task*,
Heav'n knows to *give*, we know not how to *ask*.
Methinks I hear some *multiloquious fool*
Make this *reply*, What must I go to *school*
And learn to *beg*? I'm skilfull to require,
If *Heav'n* would suit his *gifts* to my desire.
Let *fools* delight in *folly*, let them think
That men are blind, because they see them wink
Others methinks reply, Have we not cry'd
To *Heav'n*, for *blessings*, and have been deny'd?
Have not our early voyces been extended
To *Heav'n* and yet our labors *unattended*?
Is this th'effect of *pray'r*? are these the *gains*
That we were largely promis'd for our *pains*?
O silly *Souls*, and do not thus contest
With *him* that knows what's *worst*, and what is *best*.
Ye know not what ye ask; *your fond desires*
If granted to, may breed such *flaming fires*
Within your greedy *breasts*, and so torment
Your *hearts* with millions of sad *discontents*:
Then may ye know that true *discretion* lies
As well in asking, as in giving-wise.

And solid *hearts* will labour first to know
What's fit for their *desires*, and then they'l so
Their *pray'rs* in such a *soil* as shall encrease
Their stock of Grace, and everlasting Peace.

Pulsanti aperietur.

KNock, and it shall be open'd; here's an
Requires the *labors* of a studious *heart*
It is an easie action, some suppose,
Because it commonly consists of blows.
Here's a *mysterious knock*; 'tis not the *hand*
Of flesh & blood can knock, or *tongue* command
The *gates* to move; 'tis not Saint *Peter's* key
Can turn the *lock*, except the *Landlord* please.
Heaven's a well-ordered *family*, whose gate
Opens not soon to them that knock too late:
But those, whose early labors shall implore
To have *admittance* at that sacred *door*,
Must well instruct their *hearts*, and have a ca
First learning how to knock, and after, when
How happy's he, that really can say,
Go take thy rest (my Soul) th'ast knock'd to day
He's happy, that can speak such words as these
Open the door (my Soul) thou hast the keyes?
How happy's she, that by a *faithfull knock*
Can make the yeilding *Gates* of *Heav'n* unlock

Pray

Pray'rs are the keys of *Heav'n*, the melting door
Mercy, that lets in and out the store.
Faith is the golden key, which gives us all
A speedy *entrance* to the *spacious Hall*:
But we must open (or else not come there)
The *gate of Mercy* with the *key of Pray'r*:
Go then, my *Soul*, into some private place,
Unlock thy *heart*, and when unlock'd abase
Thy selfe before the Throne of *Heav'n*, and fly
Unto the Temple of *Divinity*.
Go knock thy *heart* out; if that will not do,
Say *Heaven's* grown deaf, or else thy *heart's* not
Cast off the thred-bare *garments* of thy *sin*, (true.
Thy *pray'rs* will melt the *gates*, and let thee in:
The *Governor of Heaven* will not refuse
To give an *audience* to such welcome newes;
Nor can he be ungrateful, or neglect
To crown thy *labors* with a true *respect*:
Then tune thy *heart*, and teach it to expresse
Full *Diapasons* of true thankfulnesse: (knock:
And grant (dear God) when my poor *Soul* shal
That my unworthy key may fit thy lock.

AN

ELEGIE

Upon that Son of Valor

Sir CHARLES LUCAS

Who was shot to death by the Command of the Councel of War, before *COLCHESTER.*

To all those that love the memory of Sir Charles Lucas.

Reader,

WHen my serious thoughts reflected upon the *Death* of so worthy a *person*, I could not but *privately* deplore so *publique a losse*; and being importuned by his *vertues*, and my own *sorrow*, I gave my *pen* the priviledge (assisting with the uttermost of my power) to compose this *Elegious Poem* upon his *Death*, which I cannot expect will be consonant to all *humors*, but only to *them* that love *Loyalty*. (*Reader*) I shall desire thee to let the strength of thy *goodnesse* pardon the weaknesse of *him* that is

His Kings, his Countries, and Thine

JOHN QUARLES.

A

AN ELEGY.

I Cannot hold, the Laws of *Nature* break
The Laws of *Reason*, and my *Cisterns* leak.
Pardon my tears (*ob Heav'n*) and let thy pow'r
Subdue my *grief*, and mitigate this *showre*:
Restore me to *my self*, and let my *Quill*
Weep for me; let it weep untill it fill (flow
Whole *volumnes* with sad tears, tears that may
From *age* to *age*, that all the *world* may know
It weeps for him whose never-dying name
Gives golden feathers to the wings of fame.
But is it requisite that I alone
Should storm so great a work as this, and none
Invok'd t'assist me? *Sorrow hates delay*;
Oh hear my hasty *call*, and come away,
Ye *grief-supporting Muses*; here is that
Will sublimate your *senses*, ask not what
It is, for fear, lest *melancholy I*,
Lavish'd with what I speak, should fame & dye.
Times *full-mouth'd Herauld* will exactly tell
How *Death* hath rambled from his misty *Cell*,
And with presumptuous *violence* hath shot
A *Star* whose *fall* will never be forgot.

Then rouze your *down-cast spirits*, now, or never
Shake off your *slumbers*, or repose for ever:
Lucas has conquer'd *Death*, he's gone to keep
An *everlasting Sabbath*, and to sleep
In *Abrahams* bosom: *Ah, methinks this breath*,
Should re-invite you from the shades of *Death*
To weep his *obsequies*; but if there's none
Will be invok'd, my *Muse* shall walk alone
Into the *Wilderness of grief*, and there
Condole this *loss*, till *sorrow* wants a tear.
Have I betray'd my self? Am I o'retaken
With *folly*? Or has *Reason* quite forsaken
The *kingdom* of my mind? If he be blest,
How dare my tears thus interrupt his rest?
Oh *Times*! Oh *Manners*! Is the world grown
Some I behold rejoycing; others sad (mad?
As *grief* can make them: Sure we have forgot
To sympathize, or else why weep we not,
Or smile together? Has *Death* got the power
To make us *weep*, and *smile* within an hour?
Smile they that please, mine eyes cannot *forbear*,
For every *smile* of theirs, to shed a *tear*.

Come real-hearted *Mourners*, and incline
Your *ear* to my sad story, and confine
Your selves to *sorrow*, sorrow that shall need
No *definition*; if your hearts can bleed,
Now, now, they shall; and may that barren eye
That will not weep, prove blind, or always *dry*;
And they that can, and will not now let fall
Some tears, have hard *hearts*, or no *hearts* at all.

Lucas

Lucas (rare *Soul*) oh that my *tongue* might dwell
Upon thy *name*; 'twas thou that didst excell
The world in *Martial Valor*: He that can
Forget thy *name*, forgets to be a *Man*.
Tis *death* to say th'art *dead*; Thou canst not dye:
If thou art *dead*, there's no *Eternity*.
Thou liv'st in spite of *Death*, yet I condole
Thy *murther'd body*; but I'm sure thy *Soul*
Lives above *envy*, where it shall be blest
In spite of *those*, whose wisdoms thought it *best*
To put a period to thy *days*, and bring
Joy to themselves, and sorrow to their *King*.
Discreetly done, and sure this Act must be
Recorded in the Roules of Infamie.
That after Ages, when they do behold,
May blush, what noble Deeds were done of old.
Say *Tyrants*, say, was't not a shameful strife
To send a *Death*, after a promis'd *Life*?
If this be *Mercy*, Heav'n protect us all
From such a *Mercy*, so *tyrannical*.
If this be *Justice*, may such Justice have
A *Hell* to act in, or at least a *Cave*.
What had he acted that could contradict
The Laws of *Justice*? Search, and be as strict
As *policy* can make you, all ye can
Impute, was this, he was a *valiant man*,
Who lov'd his *King*, and undertooke to play
A *noble Game*, wherein his *honor* lay
At *Stake*; what would you have a Gamester do?
Should he surrender up a *game* to *you*

Without contending? Such a *high-bred shame*
Had left a *blur* within his spotlesse *name*?
I tremble at my thoughts, I cannot hold,
My *quill* must run, ye can but term me bold,
As ye are *tyrannous*: In former times,
Boldnesse in truths were pardonable crimes.
How could ye chuse but tremble when ye nam'd
His *death*, whom *honor* and the *world* had fam'd?
Such deeds as these we needs must discommend,
Y'ave *murther'd* your own *honors*, and our *friend*.
How could ye chuse but blush to see him stand
Undaunted at your *tragicall command*?
How could ye chuse but fly, when he was fled,
T'imbrace his *death*, and *dye* when he was *dead*?
How could your *will-obeying slaves* let fly
A *bullet* at his *brest*, and they not *dye*?
Why dy'd they not, when as they went about
To make those *holes*, whereat his *Soul flew out*?
Mars frown'd when he observ'd what ye had done,
And pepetrated on his *dearest Son*:
And thus declares; *If any mortall shall*
Dare to *intitle*, or presume to *call*
Such *Rabshecha's* his *Sons*, that they shall be
All voted *Traytors* to his *Majestie*:
The *Muses*, they complain, and are agreed
To vindicate his *death*, and ever feed
Upon his *vertues*, and will never more
Smile on your *actions*, but will still deplore
Their *lost-Love Lucas*: and the *Earth* shall ring
With *Ecchoes* of his *praise*, that lov'd his *King*.

Apollo

Apollo weeps, and says, ye have forgot
To cherish *vertue*, or ye love it not:
And to the world he'l fully make it known
In his destruction, ye have overthrown
Your *home-bred honors*: Now my *Muse* retire
And gather breath; 'tis wisedome to enquire
Which way to take our *progresse*; we must know
Whither to *go*, as well as how to *go*:
The paths of *death* are darksom, and we may
Plead an excuse, if we have gone astray:
Errors in *grief* are incident to all
That truly solemnize a *funeral*.
But stay my *quill*, 'tis not my task to crave
Excuses, but to treat upon a *grave*,
A *grave* within whose *sullen bosom* lies
A *Jem*, contemn'd by those that could not prize
So rare a piece, within whom was repos'd
Vertue and *honor*, for he was compos'd
O both: (*Kind Reader*) know, that *Lucas* had
A *Magazin* of worth; his Soul was clad
With *robes* of innocency, and his heart
So sworn to *honour*, that it could not start
From *noble Exercises*, though attended
With troops of *dangers*, dangers that portended
A thousand *deaths*: his *wisdom* could descry
Both *life* and *death* with a contented eye:
life was his Jewel, yet he did not prize
That *life* at such a rate, as to despise
A *noble Death*; he labor'd to expresse
To both a very *equall willingnesse*.

He

He knew his *life* was lent him to maintain
The rights of *Majesty*, and to regain
Those just *prerogatives*, which do belong
To *CHARLS*, who patiently sustains the *wrong*.
His *Soul* was undivided, and could never
Ramble from *Loyalty*; his whole endeavor
Was to advance that *Cause* wherein he stood
Engag'd, and *dy'd it with his crimson blood*.
Since thus he *liv'd*, since thus he *dy'd*, oh then
Let's imitate so *good a life*; and when
We hear the sad relation of his *Death*,
Let's learn to *dye*: Let them that live by *breath*
Examine his *brave actions*, and they'l find
He had a rare militia in his mind.
But stoutest *Lions* are at last o'rethrown
By *Natures Laws*; for *Nature* needs must own
Her *principles*: our earthen *vessels* must
At last dissolve, and turn themselves to *dust*.
Live we a thousand years, we do but run
In debt to *Nature*; & when those days are done,
We are but *mortal*, subject to decay,
And *youth* and *age* must go the self-same way.
Reader, as often as *report* shall send
Unto thy *ears* the death of any *friend*, (wrong,
Wonder not that he's *dead*, that's too much
But rather wonder that he liv'd so long:
For *Life's* but like a *Candle*, every *wind*
May puff it out, and leave a *snuff* behind.
But whither runs my *pen*; Does sorrow mean
To make of this an *everlasting* *scean*?

Lucas made *Sorrow* lovely, *Death* a pleaſure,
And *Life* a trifle, *Miſery* a treaſure:
And now let no audacious tongue deny
That he taught *Death* to live, and *Life* to dye.
Now *gentle Soul*, go take thy ſweet repoſe
In *Heav'ns* eternal *bed*, where none but *thoſe*
Shall ſleep, that in their *life-times* ſtudy'd how
To *dye*: there reſt (*dear Soul*) I'le leave thee now.
My *heart* begins to quake, that word has bred
A *palſie* in my hand, and *grief* has ſpred
A *vail* upon my *Senſes*; and *Confuſion*
Steps in, and leads me to a ſad *Concluſion*.
Shall I *begin*, or *end*, I know not whether;
Oh that I could begin and end together!
Begin, what's that, but to renew a *grief*?
To end, what's that, but to implore *relief*?
What ſhall I do? when as I ſtrive to end,
I ſtill forget to do what I intend.
When I begin, methinks I am content
Never to end: *Diſtraction* is th' event
Of *Sorrow*. (*Reader*) pardon this laſt error,
For I began with *grief*, and end with *terror*.

AN

AN EPITAPH.

COme *gentle eyes*, and take a view,
Here rests a *Jewel* was as true
As *Truth* it selfe see how *he* lies
Renown'd and *crown'd* a *Sacrifice*.
Lay your hands upon your *hearts*,
Each eye must weep before it parts.
Sigh, and *sob*, let each *sigh* call
Love to attend his *Funerall*.
Understand that this was *he*
Conquer'd *Death* and *Tyrannie*,
And when your *eyes* begin to run,
Say ye'ave gaz'd upon a *Sun*.

AN

AN ELEGIE

Upon the Death of my dear Friend

Mr ROBERT REASON

Who quitted this life the 13.

NOVEMBER, 1646.

Sic voluêre Fata.

By J. Q.

AH, whence proceed those *swelling floods*
Like *restles waves* from my *tempestuous eyes*?
The *surges* beat (provok'd by stormy passion)
My weather-beaten senses out of fashion.
But ah forbear (distemp'ring *grief*) surcease
Those *storms*, wch rage against the shore of peace?
Forbear superfluous *blasts*, be not too brief
To dash my *Soul* against the rocks of *grief*:
But stop a time (sad *Genius*) here's a *stile*
Invites a *rest*; Let's meditate a while.
Can *tears* expreſs a perfect *grief*? Or can
Excess of *language* re-inlarge a *man*

From

From *Death*-benūming ſhades? can blubber'
Invite him back? Can integrating *cries* (cy
Enforce a *life*, in ſpight of *death*? Can all
The doleful *ſighings* in this world recall
Revolted *breath*? Oh no: 'tis therefore vain
To think that *tears* can call him back again
From *Heav'ns* immortalizing Throne: thus w
Fond men expand our own infirmities;
And thus our ſpend-thrift eyes profuſely flow
In laviſh *tears*, for him whoſe *Soul* we know
Is far more happy then we can expreſſe:
(Why do we then lament his *happineſſe*?)
Then go (ſad *Genius*) and adviſe all ſuch (mod
That grieve, to grieve, becauſe they griev'd ſo
For him, who *Heav'n* hath lately made a ſtrange
To *grief*, who reſts above the reach of danger:
There let him reſt in a moſt *glorious ſleep*;
And if weak *Nature* urgeth us to weep,
Let's weep, nay weep indeed, until our eyes,
Blinded with weeping, weep for new ſupplies;
Let's weep for *ſin*, let troops of *ſighs* attend
Our haſty tydes to their long journeys end.
Oh let's deplore our moſt unhappy *ſtate*
Betimes, for fear leſt time-devouring *fate*
Blocks up the narrow paſſage of our *breath*,
And ſo ſurprize us with a ſudden *Death*:
And ah how ſoon the *ſhadow-flying days*
Of man conſumes: how ſoon the troubled blaſ
Of his frail *life* expires; and ah how ſoon
He finds a *night*, before he thinks 'tis *noon*:

And

And how the *pleasures* of this sordid *Earth*
Shadow his *senses* with a *glimmering mirth*.
And what's this world? 'tis but a glass, wherein
Nothing appears but *Heav'n-confronting sin*:
Alas, it's *painted beauty* represents
Nothing but *folly*, crown'd with *discontents*:
There's nothing here that truly may be stil'd
A *happiness*; here's nothing but's defil'd.
Alas, alas, in what a sad condition
Is *dust-composed man!* what expedition
He daily makes to gain those things, we'l gain'd,
Gnaw him like *vipers*; thus are *mortals* stain'd
And blur'd with vanities; and thus they spend
Their *winged hours*, as if they could not end:
Fond *Earths-consuming trash* hath so combin'd
Their hearts to *worldly pleasures*, that they mind
Nothing but profit, basely gain'd, which shall
Mount them up here, but after let them fall.
But where's that *man*, whose *soul* contrives to be
Imparadis'd, and crown'd with *dignities*,
With *Hallelujahs Angels*, which controul
The Family of *Heav'n*, who still inroul
In their sublimer thoughts, how *great*, how just
Their *Maker* is, before whose *Throne* all must
Appear with spotless *Souls*, and fly from hence
With downy wings of *Dove-like innocence*?
But stay my *quill*; have I thus soon forgot
My *bosom friend*, as if I lov'd him not?
No, no; though he be dead, he cannot dye,
Death cannot drive him from my *memory*.

Where he shall rest, till time shall recommend
My *friend-bereaved Soul* unto my *friend*:
For whilst he liv'd, my *sympathizing heart*
Was truly *his*, and truly bore a part
In what he suffer'd; Ah but now he's fled,
And left me here, to say, *my friend is dead*.
Poor *soul!* and why *poor soul?* rash tongue, call
That fond abortive word; how can he lack,
That dayly feeds upon *delicious diet*
In *Heav'ns* great *store-house*, and knowes no
This was an Error that my hasty *quill*
Too rashly slept into against my will:
I hope 'tis venial, *Reason* may afford
A pardon for a grief-relapsed word.
When *passion* rules the *fancy*, men become
Vainly *Pragmatick*, or extreamly dumb:
But why *rash death*, why didst thou send thy dart
To take possession of his *willing heart*,
And gave no longer warning? was there none
Could please thy *palate*, only him alone?
'Twas quickly ended, and as soon begun;
Believe me *death*, 'twas but unfriendly done.
But why do I (fond man) expostulate
With thee, that art an *all-consuming fate*?
Th'hast done a happy deed, I dare not blame
Thy power, because I know from whence it came.
Shall I, because he was my friend, repine
At his *departure*? was he *Heav'ns* or *mine*?
I yeild him *Heav'ns*, not *mine*; but yet I might
Claim him as finite, *Heav'n* as infinite.

He was but lent me for a time, that I
And others by his *life* might learn to dye:
Whilest he enjoy'd the *fulness* of his *breath*,
His *life* was a preparative for *death*:
His whole delight and study was to pry
Into the bosom of *Divinity*;
From whence he *suck'd* such wholsom streams,
Which heard him, gave a *plaudit* to his close:
His dayly practise was, how to fulfil
And prosecute his *great Redeemers* will:
Heav'n was his *Meditation*, and he gave
A reverent respect unto his grave:
Faith, *Hope*, and *Charity* did sweetly rest
Within the *Counsel-Chamber* of his *brest*;
And in a word, the *graces* did agree
To make one *happy Soul*, and this was he:
As for his *moral duties*, they were such,
That should I strive, I could not speak too much:
His *civil carriage* towards all men might claim
A perfect *right* to a beloved *name*:
His *actions* were so just, that they may tell,
He liv'd uprightly, and he dy'd as well:
His *love*, his sweet *society* might call
Ten thousand *tears* t'attend his *funeral*:
And to conclude, in him all men might find
A *real heart*, and a most *noble mind*:
But now he's gone, his *winged Soul* aspir'd
To *Heav'ns high Palace*, where he sits attir'd
With *glorious immortality*, and sings
Melodious Anthems to the *King* of *Kings*.

There, there his melting *Soul*, ravish'd to see
The *Sun-bright throne* of splendent *Majestie*,
Adores his *well-pleas'd maker*, who makes *known*
He's pleas'd to crown, & keep him for his own.
Oh there he rests, free from the rubs of Earth,
Hugging no *shadow*, but a real *mirth*:
Oh there's no *grief*, no *sorrow* found to vex
His *peaceful Soul*; no trouble to perplex,
Or blast his *new-bred joys*; there is no *woe*,
No *care*, no *pain*, no *misery*, no *foe*,
That dare presume to interrupt him; all
Must stand aloof, and not appear, nor shall
Incroaching bold-fac'd *grief*, nor *pale-fac'd sight*
Dare interpose t'eclipse one blaze of light.
Oh there methink I hear him *sweetly* sing, (*sting*
Grave, where's thy power? Oh Death, where's thy
Methinks I hear his warbling tongue declare,
How good his works, how great his wonders are:
Methinks I see a great united *Band*
Of glitt'ring *Angels*, how prepar'd they stand
To *welcom him*: Methinks I hear them say, (way.
March on *blest Soul*, thou need'st not doubt the
Oh *glorious sight!* In what triumphing *state*
They guard his *Soul* to *Heav'ns refulgent gate*;
Where when he comes disrob'd of all his *sin*,
The *gates* fly open, and his *Soul* flies in.
Methinks my *ravish'd ears* are fill'd and blest
With such *harmonious raptures*, and possest
With such *varieties*, that even I,
Were *sin* absolved, would resolve to dye.

Me-

Methinks I hear within *Heav'ns Ecchoing Grove*
The *quavering Angels* chant, as if they ſtrove
T'excel themſelves: Methinks that every *breath*
Is a ſweet *Invitation* unto *death*.
But oh what rare, or what profound *invention*,
Beatifi'd with a ſtrong apprehenſion,
Can ſound the depth of thoſe *delights*, which he
Shall ſwim and bathe into *Eternitie*:
There reſt *dear Soul*, having thus conquer'd *fate*,
Thy pleaſures never ſhall expite their *date*.
There, there the *Alpha* of thy joys ſhall never
Know an *Omega*, but be bleſt for ever
With *Alpha* and *Omega*, who ſhall crown
Thy *throne-approaching Soul* with true renown,
Whileſt we confuſed *mortals* here below
Gulp up the *dregs of ſorrow*, and beſtow
Curſes in ſtead of *prayers* upon each other,
And dayly labour to confuſe, and ſmother
Our *ſerene happineſs*, and turn thoſe *joys*
Which *Heav'n* allow'd us, to neglected *toys*:
And thus our deviating *Souls* befool
Themſelves, & practiſe in the common School
Of Errors: Thus erroneouſly we bend
Our *flexive minds* to *folly*, and commend
Non-ſence for *wiſdom*; *Reaſon* being dead,
Repoſe my Muſe, diſcretion calls to bed.

FINIS.